

LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Society, Literature, & Art.

No. 125.—Vol. V.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

[PRICE 6d.
Unstamped.]

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ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

WE have learnt at last that the interests and policy of France will not permit of Rome's becoming the capital of Italy. Plain speaking is better than double dealing, and if the fact is so, it is better that it should be known. With some inconsistency, an attempt is made at the same time by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to shift the opprobrium on to the shoulders of England and of Garibaldi. The more they holloa, says the French minister, the more we will not go. If France never was open to argument on the subject of Rome, the remark about England and Garibaldi was unnecessary. It becomes insolent when we consider that the alternative proposed to the country is, that she should be silent altogether on an important European question. We certainly do not propose to consider the discussion as over, simply because M. Drouyn de Lhuys, like a self-elected President of Committee, rings his bell and adjourns it. Rome belongs not indeed by right of treaties, but by moral right and by necessity, to Italy. Those only who are political sceptics can doubt that in the long run Italy will get Rome. The means are hidden by a cloud from the eye. The end is in clear sunshine, visible enough.

The French note, however, is not perhaps all that it appears. When the Italians ask for their capital, France replies that they never can be allowed to have it. It is exactly the answer Napoleon III. returned about the annexations. It means probably now what it did then—being equivalent to nothing more or less than, "What will you give?" On the last occasion the answer drawn with mortification and tears from Count Cavour, was that Italy would give Savoy and Nice. On the present occasion it is not so clear that she has anything to exchange; and Rattazzi has not the power, even if he had the will, to cede a single inch. His days as a minister are numbered. The Italian deputies who meet this week in parliament have already in their hearts condemned him. Whoever succeeds to his place will be kept by public indignation from offering to barter more Italian soil, in order to overcome the obstructiveness of France. It is possible that Europe, which tolerated the cession of Nice, would refuse to permit a further cession of the island of Sardinia, even were the new Italian Cabinet inclined to be compliant; and England this time would be armed, whereas on the last occasion she was only angry.

The Italians are not likely to purchase what France refuses to give. Sufficient demands have, in the last two years, been made upon their gratitude to exhaust even the ample stock to which France considered herself entitled at the close of the campaign in Lombardy. Louis Napoleon is an able man, but he cannot serve two masters. It is impossible for him to retain, with advantage to himself, an untenable neutrality between the Papacy and Italian unity. Before long, he will discover that he has mistaken the interests of France in the matter. He assumes that they are identical with her "traditional policy." It is the kind of blunder which might be expected from a Capet or a Bourbon, but which is childish in the Chief of the

European Revolution. If Austria is the rival whose advance he fears, Austrian tyranny will some day be forgotten in the midst of the impatience caused by the new and iron dictatorship of France. If England's influence in Italy is dreaded by him, what could English jealousy desire further than to see a French monarch espouse on the banks of the Tiber a hateful and fated cause, and bind his own vigorous fortune to the tottering throne of a despotic and aged Priest? M. Drouyn de Lhuys may believe us that if Italy is not the gainer by the Emperor's resolution, England, at all events, is not a loser.

It remains to be seen still whether England cannot assist Italy in the hour of her necessity. We cannot acquiesce in the position which France is desirous of holding on the Tiber. Long after international law undergoes a happy and salutary change, and private property is exempted from capture upon the sea, each rock in the Mediterranean will continue to be the subject of international contention. None of us can afford not to watch the movements of our neighbours. But there is just now a favourable opportunity for offering something in return for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. The French Protectorate at Rome, like the English Protectorate in the Ionian Islands, are both, in name at least, disinterested and virtuous securities for the happiness of those immediately concerned. Yet the Romans wish to get rid of the French eagle. And the Ionians, at all events before the recent revolution, were anxious to get rid of the British union-jack. Why can we not mutually agree to pair off, and to allow a united Greece to balance a united Italy? The Mediterranean will be neither a more French nor a more English sea for the change. So long as Malta is ours, we can afford to dispense with Corfu. The fewer coaling-stations we have that we do not absolutely want, the better for our own peace of mind; and the less danger there will be of foreign complications. If ever the day comes when statesmen are wise enough to accept the true principles of international economy, and to base their dealings with one another on real laws of common sense and reasoning, we shall need still less depôts of the kind. In the meanwhile, it might be in our power, by one and the same stroke, to benefit Italy, and to disencumber ourselves of a troublesome trust.

So far from the English nation wishing to increase the number of these possessions, which are really nothing more than maritime fortresses in the Mediterranean, a feeling is gaining ground on this side of the Channel, that we should do well to set an example by decreasing them. The French press, which is at this moment raving about the sinister designs of England upon Greece, little knows that the candidature of Prince Alfred would not be particularly pleasing to English politicians, except indirectly, and so far as it involved a compliment to the Family upon our throne. With so expensive a mark of confidence we should be glad to dispense. Greece might gain, but England could only lose by the nomination of an English prince to the crown of Athens. It would involve us more directly in the politics of the East—a misfortune which would be dearly purchased,

even at the price of an accession to our diplomatic influence. We cannot see why our Foreign Office should not seize the occasion to reconsider the occupation of all those islands which naturally belong to Greece; nor why they should not propose to the Cabinet of the Tuileries to reconsider in the same spirit, and from the same point of view, the French occupation of the Papal States. Apart from the everyday question, such a step would lead to the following important political results.

In the first place, it would be no bad thing thus, once for all, to reassure the Continent as to the permanent foreign policy of England. With other nations our treatment of Continental affairs is watched in silence at this time, but with much suspicion. They do not believe that we are disinterested; and are of opinion that whether England makes peace or war she does so in a spirit of selfishness and covetousness. We do not advocate a change in our system upon any ideal ground, though it is strange to hear men openly sneering, nowadays, at political idealism, which very often is simply political honesty. Leaving the scepticism and the idealism to their respective friends, we merely state our belief that England would gain in power and *prestige* abroad, to an incredible extent, by seeming to be less careful of her own. The English statesman, like the English gentleman, never takes his hands out of his pockets while he is abroad. It is true that this constant attitude of self-defence prevents him from losing his property; but it leaves him to the last an isolated and suspected being. It is true that he takes nothing from his neighbours; but it is not seemly to be perpetually protesting against being robbed. Lord Russell's famous despatch about "England's interests in the Adriatic" was supposed to be a type of all our conduct. It would not hurt us to give something up, if it were only as a national answer to that curious and unintelligible document. Lastly, we should—if we are to take a gross and earthly view of loss and gain—get more from the gratitude of Italy and Greece than we resign in the Ionian Islands. Even the campaign in Lombardy would be half forgotten before the sacrifice thus made by England to purchase Rome for the Italians.

REMOVAL OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

THE project of carrying St. Thomas's Hospital from the centre of the population for whose benefit it is intended to some healthy but uninhabited spot in the country does not appear to be yet abandoned. No one would have imagined that such a scheme as this could have shown so much vitality. Its disadvantages are so manifest, that it is no small cause of wonder that it should have survived more than a twelvemonth's discussion. It has been condemned almost universally by the voice of the public and of the medical profession; but the Governors still hold to their original intention. The walls of the old building are now nearly level with the ground, but the site of the new one is still keenly and angrily debated. In this contest the medical officers of the hospital and the public are on one side, and the majority of the Governors on the other. The model-hospital, which the latter propose to build, will have extensive grounds, a pure atmosphere, and every other advantage, excepting only accessibility to patients. The Governors have been so seized with the idea of having plenty of fresh air that they have postponed the consideration of whether they are likely to have plenty of patients. The world is full of such instances of folly. Cities have been marked out on sites which appear eligible to the projectors; and streets have been built, for which there were no inhabitants, and harbours have been constructed which ships seldom visited; and the risk and the loss is that of the speculators who embark in such schemes; and the public have little right to censure however they may criticise. But it is otherwise in the case of this ancient charity. The Governors of the hospital exercise a public trust, and the large property administered must not be squandered in setting down a magnificent hospital in the centre of a common. Diseases do not tarry; and a hospital should be in the midst of the inhabitants of men, and not in a desert. It would be a small consolation to the inhabitants of Southwark, and the other southern districts of the metropolis, to know that there was plenty of accommodation on Wandsworth Common, if they could only get there. But five or six miles is a tedious journey for a man suffering from a compound fracture, not to speak of the expenses of conveyance.

The disadvantages of placing a hospital which is chiefly useful in the case of acute diseases and recent injuries, where delay is dangerous and removal often impossible, at a distance from the population for whom it is intended, is so obvious, that the question could not have remained so long undecided, unless there were some advantages to be placed on the other side. An attempt should be made to estimate fairly the weight of the arguments in favour of a country site. They consist of two—one financial, the other sanitary. The Governors maintain that from 30 to 50 acres are required for the site, and that the means of the hospital are insufficient to purchase so much land in a central position in London. The medical officers are surely the best judges what amount of space is requisite, judging from their accommodation in the old building; and they distinctly assert

that not more than from 6 to 7 acres are necessary for the proper purposes of a hospital. Considering that the Governors have received close upon £300,000 from the railway company, which is now at their disposal for the purchase of a new site, and that their annual income is £35,000 and is rapidly increasing, we cannot hesitate in dismissing financial considerations as of very inferior importance. The Governors, however, rest their case chiefly on sanitary considerations. They wish to place the hospital in pure country air because town is not so healthy. There is no difference, they say, except in degree, between the atmosphere of a crowded room and that of a crowded city. In each case there is a deficiency in the proportion of oxygen and an excess of carbonic acid. For the sake of health, therefore, it is urged a hospital should be in the country. In this argument there is a certain small amount of weight, but it is much smaller than is often supposed. There is, in fact, much popular misconception on this point. It is well known that at present the health of towns, as shown by the annual death-rate, is not so good as that of country districts, but it is forgotten that the greater mortality in those cases arises mainly not from the general bad air of the town but from the overcrowding and want of attention to sanitary arrangements in particular localities. "Large masses of town population," say very high authorities, "breathe very impure air, not as a common atmosphere of the town, but as a special incident of the courts and alleys, and ill-provided or ill-kept houses where they individually dwell—the local result of filth or bad drainage, or overcrowding or non-ventilation." But on this important subject we are not left to mere speculation, nor compelled to come to a conclusion by the unsatisfactory process of weighing the opinions of one set of medical men against those of another. Thanks to the reports of the Registrar-General, we are able to bring the matter to the accurate test of figures. The science of death-rates, which has been one of the principal instruments in the hands of sanitary reformers, has for ever dispelled the popular fallacies on this subject. Thus, although the annual death-rate of London is, owing to the greater mortality in particular localities higher than the average of England, there are large districts in the metropolis for which separate death-rates have been calculated which are much lower than that average. For every thousand persons living in London twenty-five die annually, while the average for England is only twenty-two. But in several large metropolitan districts, one of them occupying a very central position, the number is as low as eighteen, which is very little above that of the healthiest spot in England. This is important, as showing, that in the very heart of this vast metropolis districts can be found which, so far as regards health, are nearly on a level with Eastbourne and the Isle of Wight, and are quite equal to Hastings. A well-ordered and properly ventilated hospital in such a position would be little inferior to one situated in the centre of one of the downs of Surrey. While, therefore, some slight weight may be given to the argument of the Governors in favour of country air, it cannot be allowed to be of such importance as to weigh against the overwhelming considerations on the opposite side.

These considerations have been very forcibly set forth by the medical officers of the hospital in a document which was published a few days ago, and may be reduced mainly to two heads: the one affecting the patients, the other the medical profession. It is admitted on all hands that the cases which have first claim to hospital treatment are cases of urgency, which are either the sudden attacks of acute disease or the results of recent injuries. This is especially so in the heart of a thickly-populated district, where accidents are in some degree proportionate to the number of the people and the activity of their work. In a hospital so placed, cases of this sort come to its gates every hour of every day and night. This part of the usefulness of the hospital would be almost entirely sacrificed by its removal to the country. "To expose the patient (perhaps during extreme agony or exhaustion) to unnecessary delay or fatigue, to have him conveyed five or six miles instead of one, or to have him harassed with the changes of conveyance required for railway transit, would invariably be a disadvantage to him, and, in a critical state, would often quite extinguish his chance of recovery." It is a matter purely of statistics to discover what proportion of the benefit now conferred by the hospital on the surrounding population would be lost by its removal to Wandsworth Common. Hitherto, St. Thomas's has stood close by another hospital which has shared with it such cases of urgency as arise in their neighbourhood. But the medical officers, judging from their experience of the past, do not hesitate to affirm that, if it were placed in a central position, with no other hospital in the immediate neighbourhood, at least two-thirds of its beds would be habitually filled with such urgent cases. All this the Governors propose to sacrifice, and to plant their hospital remote from the habitations of men, and all for the chimera of fresh air, which the reports of the Registrar-General conclusively show is to be had in abundance nearer home. As to the other class of persons which a hospital is designed to relieve, those suffering from chronic diseases, the disadvantages of removal though not so great, are not wholly to be overlooked. The greater distance would be a serious evil in

cutting off the patients from easy communication with their friends. It appears from the statistics of the old hospital, that even with regard to cases of chronic disease, when the patients themselves could easily have been removed, the desire of remaining within reach of their friends made the charity in this respect also mainly a local one.

The other grounds assigned by the medical officers of the hospital in opposition to its removal, and which have reference to the medical and surgical service of the hospital, and its position as a medical school, appear to be quite unanswerable. They are, indeed, so obvious, that they cannot escape the notice of any one who gives a moment's thought to the subject. Hitherto the administrators of hospitals have procured for their patients the attendance of persons who were publicly eminent in their profession, and, as a rule, the leaders in private practice. This will manifestly be no longer possible, when the hospital is at a distance from town. Such persons might no doubt attend at fixed times, but their extemporaneous attendance on emergencies could no longer be secured. Further, the position of the hospital as a school of medicine would be materially affected. This would follow from two causes. First, the professional instruction would, for the reasons just mentioned, be necessarily of an inferior description; and next, the cases which would be brought to the hospital would be of much less variety than at present. It could not, of course, contain any patients but those which would bear removal from a distance; and it would, therefore, tend to become an asylum for chronic diseases. In this there is at once apparent one very important element of inferiority to a regular London hospital considered as a school of medicine. It is remarkable enough that the reasons which have been sufficiently powerful to make the whole body of the physicians and surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital unanimous in opposing its removal to the country, should have had no weight with the Grand Committee. It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we observe, that the resolution of the Governors which granted to that body powers for selecting a site has lately been rescinded, on account of an informality. Whether the Grand Committee consists, as Mr. Tite informs us, of forty gentlemen, or, as the public believe, of the Treasurer and his three sons, they have hitherto been so proof against reason on this subject, that the turn of fortune which leaves the power of selection in the hands of the whole body of the Governors cannot but be a change for the better.

ETON COLLEGE.

IN an article which we recently published on certain circumstances connected with the discipline of Eton College, we urged upon the Royal Commissioners now sitting to inquire into that and other establishments of a similar kind, the necessity for instituting some permanent Court of Appeal from the Provost, Fellows, and Masters of the College, to replace the rusty and decayed visitatorial machinery originally contrived by its Royal Founder. One of the reasons adduced by us for making this recommendation to the Commissioners was the extraordinary amount of nepotism which has long pervaded every nook and corner of King Henry's "holy pile," and has bound together its authorities by the strongest ties of consanguinity and marriage.

Our remarks have called forth a remonstrance from one of the Eton masters, whose position entitles him to be heard with attention, and whose letter we shall therefore give in full:—

"Eton College, Nov. 9, 1862.

"Sir,—In your article of the 1st inst. on Eton, you complain that the head master has not publicly answered a public attack upon the school. I hope, therefore, that you will not refuse to give publicity in some form to the following statements:—

"1. That there is not a single assistant master in the Upper School who is, in the most distant way, connected, by relationship or marriage, with the Provost or any of the Fellows; and that there is but one in the Lower School who is so connected.

"2. That assistant masters at all public schools are usually appointed as young men of two or three and twenty, without any previous experience or trial, and that, when so appointed, they may, if they please, remain masters for life.

"I remain, your obedient servant,

"AN ETON MASTER."

We presume that "An Eton Master," in writing the above, purposes to show that we were in error in having asserted that nepotism has long been the rule rather than the exception at Eton. We do not, however, think that his letter proves anything of the kind; indeed, we are rather inclined to suspect, for reasons which we shall presently give, that our correspondent must be akin to that slippery and Jesuitical controversialist who, in 1860, attempted to baffle "Paterfamilias" by his *reticentia* on the subject of the Eton French master and his apocryphal assistant.

Our correspondent tells us that "at the present moment there is not a single assistant master in the Upper School at Eton who is, in the most distant way, connected by relationship or marriage with the Provost or any of the Fellows." Perhaps not. The assistant masters of the Upper School at Eton are appointed by the head master;

those of the Lower School by the lower master. Death and promotion have of late caused many changes amongst the Provosts and Fellows of King's and Eton, and amongst the masters of the latter college; and, therefore, the fact which "An Eton Master" puts forward is, as he must well know, perfectly compatible with the existence of the grossest nepotism in the original appointments of the senior assistant masters of the Upper School; for in the due course of nature the Fellows and masters through whose influence they were originally appointed, must have been removed to another and a better world, where we hope there is neither "putting in the bill" nor flogging. As for the junior assistant masters of the Upper School, it is notorious that, from the time that the University Commission began to inquire into Eton affairs, more care and impartiality have been displayed in their selection, and that there are amongst them several independent gentlemen of considerable merit. But the well-known names of Hawtreys, Thackerays, Carters, Yongs, and Dupuis—which we still find in the published list of Eton masters,—justify us, we think, in accepting "An Eton Master's" insidious explanation with considerable caution. If he will be good enough to forward to us a complete list of the Eton masters for the last twenty years,—marking with red ink those who are not connected with late or actual Provosts or Fellows of Eton or King's, or with former masters or assistant masters of Eton,—we shall have much pleasure in printing it, and by its results we are willing that the comparative accuracy of our and his statements concerning Eton nepotism shall be judged.

The secrecy with which the Eton authorities have hitherto conducted their affairs, renders it very difficult to make any assertions concerning Eton which are not open to objection on the score of inaccuracy. The following facts we believe, however, to be correct; and in that belief we venture to submit them, errors excepted, to the consideration of "An Eton Master":—The Vice-Provost of Eton, with an income of £1,500 a year and a good college living, is the brother-in-law of the senior Fellow and Bursar, who has an income of, we believe, £1,400 a year. He is nearly connected by marriage with another of the Fellows. Two others of the seven Fellows are brothers-in-law, having married the daughters of a former head master, by whom they were introduced into the school as assistant masters. The head master, whose income is £6,000 a year, is the son-in-law of the Vice-Provost; the lower master, whose income is £4,000 a year, is son of the Vice-Provost. One of the assistant masters in the Lower School is brother-in-law of the lower master, another is nephew of the late Provost Hawtreys, and the mathematical assistant master is his brother. The French master is son of the late French master; the drawing master is son of the late drawing master; the fencing master is son of the late fencing master. Here we stop, not that we have exhausted our information, but because we think we have said quite enough to establish our former assertion, to which "An Eton Master" has thought fit to take exception. If our figures are anything like correct, we shall have shown a single family deriving upwards of £15,000 a year from the school, without having included in our estimate the valuable Church preferments which they have obtained through their connection with the College.

We especially call the attention of the Royal Commissioners to paragraph No. 2 of "An Eton Master's" letter, which, in our opinion, goes far to account for the shortcomings in our public-school education, which have of late been so loudly and so justly complained of. After this admission on the part of "An Eton Master," it will scarcely be pretended any longer that at Eton the interests of the pupils are not altogether postponed to those of the masters. A lazy, dull, intemperate, or injudicious young man, once introduced into the school as an assistant master, thereby gains a right to remain a master for life; the present and future prospects of the poor boys who have the misfortune to fall into his hands not being allowed to weigh as anything in the balance against this pecuniary vested interest in them. Severely as Eton has of late suffered from the pens of her assailants, she has, in our opinion, suffered far more severely from the pens of those who have undertaken to defend her.

DEMAND FOR A REVIVAL OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE increase of crimes of violence which has taken place from time to time for many years—or it would be, perhaps, more correct to say, the periodical awakening of the public mind to the prevalence of such crimes—never fails to create a thoughtless cry on the part of inconsiderate or ill-informed persons for a renewal of the old punishment of transportation. Two, if not more, of our leading journals have just been re-echoing this cry. We are not surprised at this, but it is necessary the suggestion should be met and stopped *in limine*. It is natural that men who are perplexed and terrified by the existence of such a number of liberated criminals as now roam over the country and give such unpleasant proofs of their existence, should think only of getting rid of them by any means and at any cost, and should be ill-inclined to calculate either the expense or the justice of their plans. It is natural that a shortsighted and selfish community should be anxious to save itself without considering the rights of those other communities which it

would infest and swamp with malefactors, whom it will not tolerate at home. It is natural that the idea of exporting the villains whom we do not like to hang and yet refuse to incarcerate for life, should present itself as a simple and possible solution of the difficulty to those who have never read the history of transportation, the reasons for which it was abandoned, or its necessary conditions and consequences. But we are confident that no one who studies the past facts of our criminal jurisprudence, and the elements of the problem actually before us now, will dream that a revival of the punishment of transportation is either desirable or feasible.

The case lies in a nutshell. We have, and shall until we change our whole system continue to have, turned loose among us annually a vast number of convicts who, for very heinous crimes or for a long course of crime, have been sentenced to penal servitude for various terms, but who have endured their original or their commuted sentence. As a rule, most of these men do, and almost necessarily must, recommence their career of outrage and depredation. We want to get rid of them permanently. There are only three ways of doing this:—to hang them; to imprison them for life, or till reformed; or to transport them beyond seas with an effective prohibition against their return. We used to do the first; but the growing humanity of the age forbade this. It is strongly urged upon us by nearly all persons whom experience and capacity have qualified to give an opinion, to adopt the second alternative; but as yet the public mind is too unprepared and the official mind too indolent and desultory for this scheme, to which, however, we shall assuredly be driven in the end. When we ceased to hang our criminals, or when we were overwhelmed with numbers who were scarcely bad enough to hang, we had recourse to the third plan, and sent them across the seas to various penal settlements, which were either established for the purpose, or which were glad enough, in their growth, to receive convict labour; but all of which now have unanimously refused to receive any more—a refusal which England, after long discussion and much resistance, admitted to be reasonable, and submitted to as final. This scheme it is which, in their alarm and perplexity, many writers are now proposing to recur to. It sounds, at first sight, so natural, so simple, and so efficacious a means of obtaining our end, that we have to ask why it was abandoned, and whether the reasons which led to its discontinuance, are not equally valid against its revival. They are, and will be at once seen to be, conclusive.

A dependency to which we can deport our criminals must be either a penal settlement or a colony; either a place inhabited solely by convicts and their gaolers, or a place with a free and uncontaminated population, indigenous or emigrant, among which the convicts can be in time dispersed and into which they can be absorbed. Bermuda is an example of the first. Western Australia is, and New South Wales was, an example of the second. If it is the first we are calling out for, in what way does it differ from, or is it superior to, a similar establishment at home—that of Portland or of Dartmoor, for example? It differs from it only in being, in every way, more objectionable. It is far more costly in the first place. It would cost about as much (£25) merely to convey a convict to the Falkland Islands or to Australia as to maintain him for a year at home. Governors, gaolers, soldiers, chaplains, must all be paid twice as much at the Antipodes as in England, and would, for obvious reasons, usually be an inferior set of men. They would be removed from supervision or control; and both humanity, economy, and good management, would suffer in consequence. If the convicts are to be kept in confinement or on public works for life, we might just as well, and far more cheaply and safely, keep them in prison for life at home. If they are to be liberated after a certain time, what is to become of them when liberated? If they be ordered to remain in the limits of the settlement, what power will there be of enforcing this restriction, unless the settlement be an island, and one remote from any mainland? If it be an island, it is still a gaol, though a gaol with a large garden. Suppose this garden filled, or this gaol surrounded, by painful efforts and by slow degrees, with the farms of these liberated but permanently exiled convicts. What sort of a community will have been created, and what sort of a future can be predicted for it? You have sown with poisoned seed: what sort of a harvest is likely to be reaped? You have selected your "pilgrim fathers"—the founders of a new society—from the worst dregs of your own vitiated population, from desperadoes so bad that you dare not keep them at home. Is this a deed which, after past experience, England can venture to repeat? But further, either there will be no women in this penal settlement, or these women must be the most abandoned of their sex, for none other will go there or can be sent there. In the former case, we must lay our account for a renewal of all the unspeakable abominations of Tasmania and Norfolk Island. In the latter, what will that community be whose fathers are felons, burglars, assassins, and whose mothers are thieves and harlots?

In a penal settlement of this sort, which, however you may organize it, or wherever you may place it, will merely be a Portland or a Pentonville at the Antipodes, the very aim and object of transportation is forfeited, or rather surrendered, at the outset—so far at least as it has any object beyond that of "burying our dead out of our

sight," that of discharging our moral filth in some spot where we shall not see or hear of it, where it will only stink in the nostrils and destroy the comfort and poison the existence of others than ourselves. What is really wanted is that which a remote penal establishment would not supply—viz., a country and a community wherein the convict discharged at the expiration of his punishment can find the refuge of obscurity and the resource of employment; where he can easily earn an honest living; where his labour will be in so much demand that few will trouble themselves about his antecedents; where he will have every facility and every inducement to adopt a respectable career; where, in a word, he can recover himself and be absorbed. For this object we must find a colony—a large, free, and thriving though young community, where the convicts will bear only a small proportion to the entire population—a proportion so small that neither the peace, nor the lives, nor the morals of the residents will be endangered by the bad ingredient. If we cannot find such a colony, or if we exceed this proportion, we fail—and we sin.

Now, we have many colonies that would answer this purpose admirably; but, with a single exception, they one and all resolutely refuse to receive our convicts; our Government and Legislature have yielded to their reasons and acquiesced in their refusal. This may be regretted, but it cannot be undone. In 1838 a Committee of the House of Commons condemned the whole system. In 1840 Lord John Russell stopped the sending of convicts to New South Wales. In 1845, Mr. Gladstone stopped the sending of them to Tasmania. In both cases the evil had become so intolerable, and the remonstrances of the colonists so peremptory, that the home authorities really had no choice. A few years later Lord Grey devised a much improved system of transportation; but the mischief was done, the impression was indelibly made, and the endeavour to enforce the reception of even selected and trained convicts at the Cape nearly caused a rebellion. About the year 1852 the contest was abandoned, and transportation to our old colonies definitively abandoned. There was only one exception. Western Australia—otherwise known as the Swan River—was poor, scantily peopled, in need of labour, and sufficiently distant from the gold fields. It was willing to receive as many as it could absorb. We have nearly ruined and lost this last resource by sending it twice as many. It can perhaps do with five hundred a year: we annually have to dispose of—i. e., we must liberate or do something else with—at least five times that number. We do not know the proportion in Western Australia at the present moment; but in 1855 there were 5,000 free males and 4,300 free females of all ages, while there were already 3,536 convicts (all adults)—a ratio which, if allowed to continue, would soon bring about a state of things like that which led to the abolition of transportation in Tasmania.

Transportation, then, cannot be revived as a means of disposing of our criminals. A mere penal settlement will not absorb them. A populous colony cannot be made for the purpose; and no populous colony already in existence will listen to being made a receptacle for those ruffians whom the mother country dare not keep at home. Indeed, it seems monstrous to ask it. We are rich; we have, or can have, an adequate police force; we can build gaols and provide public works almost without limit; and the number of convicts liberated annually bears an infinitesimal proportion to our total population, when compared with that it would bear to the largest colony we possess. Sooner or later we must fall back upon what we have all along proclaimed to be our only choice,—indefinite incarceration for all habitual offenders—incarceration till death or reformation. When reformed, let them emigrate or settle at home, as may seem easiest. They will be innocuous in any land.

THE NESTOR OF THE RING.

IT was not without some apprehension that we found ourselves last week arraigned in the columns of the *Times*, by no less an authority than Mr. Charles Greville, for culpable ignorance of the laws of the Jockey Club. Mr. Greville pointed out that, as that Club is precluded by its rules from taking cognizance of any disputes concerning bets, we had been entirely in error in supposing that it had ever made any inquiry into the alleged irregularities—to call them by no more appropriate term—connected with the Tarragona and Michel Grove match at Newmarket.

We in vain pleaded that the Secretary of the Jockey Club had publicly and formally announced the intention of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to inquire into the said alleged irregularities; that the announced inquiry had subsequently taken place; and that the award of this tribunal had been published in the recognized organ of the Club; Mr. Greville rejoined that we ought to have known that the Stewards of the Jockey Club, in acting thus, had departed from the rules of the Club, and had culpably exceeded their duty; and added, that at a general meeting of the Jockey Club which was subsequently held, *not a single word had been uttered by any member present in connection with the Tarragona and Michel Grove inquiry.*

Now, it appears to us, that in making this admission, Mr. Greville distinctly refutes himself and entirely proves our case. It is, we

submit, presumable, that if, in dealing with the Tarragona and Michel Grove affair, the officers of the Jockey Club had, as Mr. Greville pretends, egregiously exceeded their duty and grossly infringed the laws of the Club, their misconduct would have been disavowed and protested against at the earliest opportunity by Mr. Greville himself, and by every other member who agreed with his views. But it does not appear that, at the Houghton Meeting, any such protest was made or any such censure was passed by the Club on its delinquent officers; on the contrary, we have Mr. Greville's own testimony that on that occasion not one word was uttered about the Tarragona affair at all.

Mr. Greville affirms that "we are mistaken in confounding the Jockey Club and the Stewards thereof, in considering them as one identical body, and in supposing that what the Stewards do is done by the Club." He says that "the Jockey Club may be regarded as the Legislature and the Stewards as the Government of the turf."

Accepting Mr. Greville's metaphor, we would ask him whether, supposing that Lord Palmerston's Cabinet had acceded to the recent suggestions of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and had joined France and Russia in the proposed intervention in American affairs, and supposing that Parliament had subsequently met, had proceeded to the transaction of public business, and had then separated without expressing any dissent or disapprobation of what had been done by the Ministry, it would not have been fair to assume that as the House of Commons had not repudiated the act of the Cabinet, they had endorsed it, and made themselves responsible for it?

In arguing that the Tarragona and Michel Grove inquiry, if entered into at all, ought to have been entered into at a general meeting of the whole Club, Mr. Greville again supplies us with materials for confuting him. He says:—"The Stewards have certain defined and limited powers conferred upon them by the rules of the Club;" and refers to its eighth rule, which is as follows:—

"All disputes relating to racing at Newmarket shall be determined by the three Stewards; if only two Stewards be present, they shall fix upon a third person, being a member of the club, in lieu of the absent Steward; but the Stewards, if they shall think fit, may call in any other members of the Jockey Club to their assistance, or may refer the case to a general meeting, if the importance or difficulty of the matter shall appear to them to require it."

By entering into the Tarragona and Michel Grove inquiry themselves, assisted by the Duke of Beaufort and the Earls of Stradbroke and Glasgow, instead of referring it to a general meeting, the Stewards appear to have strictly adhered to the laws of the Club, even as expounded by Mr. Greville, and we cannot for the life of us see what fault that gentleman can reasonably find with them for having done so.

We intend, by these observations, no discourtesy whatever to Mr. Greville, of whose merits every *habitué* of Newmarket and Hyde Park Corner is far better able to judge than we can be. Few men of his birth, fortune, talents, and social position, have devoted so many years of a long life as he has done to racing and betting; and we have not the least doubt that he is justly appreciated by our sporting contemporary the *Field*, which speaks of him as "one on whose lips the members of the Jockey Club have often hung, as the Greeks did on those of Nestor, for the words of wisdom that habitually proceed from them."

If such be Mr. Greville's high position in the Jockey Club and the betting-ring, we think that the public, as well as the members of that Club, are entitled to ask him how it has happened that he has been so silent in council, and so loud in the *Times*, on the subject of the Tarragona and Michel Grove inquiry? His claims to the respect, deference, and attention of the sporting world, must be thoroughly known to every member of the Club and the ring; his influence with men with whom he has been racing and betting for the last fifty years, and with whose children he will be ready to race and bet, as soon as they shall have arrived at years of turf speculation, for the next fifty—if Providence spares him to Newmarket and Tattersall's so long—ought to be great, and he must have been aware from the very first that what was, in his opinion, a grave breach of the laws of the Club, was about to be perpetrated by its Stewards. Why, then, was "Nestor" silent when he read the first notice posted by Mr. Weatherby at Tattersall's? Why did he not instantly address "the Greeks"? Why did he wait till the error of the Stewards was irretrievably consummated, and then, and not till then, take up his pen to arraign the officers of the Jockey Club in the columns of the *Times* for their "irregular and arbitrary" conduct?

Hitherto it has been held that the Jockey Club was a private body of gentlemen, with their exclusive officers and official organ for disseminating their laws and acts; and that their meetings were strictly of a confidential nature. Whether such privacy was desirable and advantageous to the general interests of the turf and the public we will not now discuss; we only state that such was the position of things until it was suddenly broken through the other day by the venerable "Nestor of the Ring," for reasons best known to himself. The Earl of Winchelsea openly accuses Mr. Greville of having acted as he has done in order to propitiate "Argus" and bid for the goodwill of the press, and if such was his motive it is certainly not for us to condemn it. But we are

rather of opinion that the fifty years' experience which Mr. Greville has had of Newmarket and Hyde Park Corner morality have led him to the conclusion that inquiries into such "fishy" affairs as the Tarragona and Michel Grove case are best let alone; that parties who have been long and deeply connected with the betting-ring must necessarily have had, first and last, a considerable quantity of dirty linen to wash, and that it is undesirable to disgust the world by washing such filthy rags in public. He knows how vehemently British Pharisees on the Rhine condemn the systematized gambling of Homburg and Baden Baden, and he, possibly, fears that if many more such cases as the Raindeer and Tarragona affairs are made public by the Jockey Club, censorious people will be driven to the conclusion that in point of morality there is not much to choose between the speculators of the Kur-Saals of the German watering-places and the patriarchs of the Betting-rooms at Newmarket and Hyde Park Corner.

SEVEN-LEAGUED JOURNALISM.

No attempt has as yet been made by any historian to build a philosophic estimate of the English character on the foundations supplied by the national mythology of the nursery. Perhaps it is as well that no one has attempted to do it, because it is not easy to see that any very important results would be obtained by the investigation. But it is a striking fact that, of all the heroes of that teeming world of fancy, there is none which comes home so vividly to the heart of the hearer, Tom Thumb alone excepted, as the indomitable owner of the famous seven-leagued boots. Enter any other champion against him for the piece of dramatic interest; give him not a vestige of start; handicap him, on the contrary, by all the charms of fairy slippers and enchanted bean-stalks which other heroes have, and he has not; he will win the affections of the rising generation against the entire field in the easiest possible of canter. Thus the youth of England is trained to do and dare. Thus it is that the highest Alps are scaled, and an admiring continent wonders, while it hardly imitates. Thus, possibly, it is, that the powers of the human frame to resist fatigue have become the most prominent question of the day, and the tenderness of the feet of the passers by engages the solicitude, and occupies the conversation, of the myriad street-boys of London.

We by no means wish to insinuate, that to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours is not the highest pinnacle that human ambition can reach. Far be it from us to let fall a single word in disparagement of a custom so profitable to the manufacturer of boots. But where feats of this kind are done, they ought really to be done in public. No one can possibly object to the laudable curiosity of the provincial towns to see a tame Indian run ten miles at a pace which dozens of amateurs could beat; nor can it be said that they do not get their fair money's worth, even though the pace and the winners are privately settled beforehand. There stand the men, and there is the ground undoubtedly covered in a moderately short space of time. What we do object to is the habit which the accomplished athletes of the day appear to be falling into, of displaying their most extraordinary performances when nobody happens to be looking on. The principle of doing great deeds in secret may hold good when the exploits in question depend rather on the character than on the muscles; but surely when people accomplish feats of strength and perseverance they cannot be blamed if they do it to be seen of men. It is no use to proclaim these prodigies from the housetops if they are privately got through in the closet. Some time ago there appeared in several of the papers a description of a journey which a Mr. Samuel Harris, the landlord of a Bristol inn, had taken for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition. He travelled in a velocipede the whole way to London, fulfilled his purpose, and returned in the same manner as he came. Nothing was said as to the state of the road, the weather, or the wind; but it was positively affirmed, that the return journey was accomplished in the marvellous space of eighteen hours. Now the distance from London to Bristol is exactly 120 miles. A velocipede of superior make, without encumbrance, can be made to go at the rate of eight miles an hour along a level road, and we have known a distance of eleven miles travelled over in eighty minutes. But under ordinary circumstances and on a good road no velocipede that is calculated for travelling—and the best will not stand it—can make more than six or seven miles in the hour, unless with a strong wind. Hence Mr. Harris must have been travelling exactly all the time without rest, and also without obstacles. We presume that he went the shortest way, by Reading, Newbury, and Chippenham; and as the greater part of the journey was done by night, it is to be hoped that he knew the way. But this road is as other roads, and has turnpikes. Now, to rouse a turnpike-keeper in the dead of the night to open his gate for a machine which is privileged to pay no turnpike-toll is a labour of no small difficulty, and we can vouch for the fact that it takes time. Moreover, there are no less than eleven paved towns on the way, and through them the pace cannot by any possibility be kept up. From which considerations we come to the conclusion either that Mr. Harris was unfortunate in having no one to look on at his performance, or else, which seems a more probable conjecture, that—that, in short, the gentleman in question is the worthy husband of Mrs. Harris.

Strange, however, as is the story of which we have spoken, it is completely thrown into the shade by a pedestrian narrative which appeared some days

ago in one of the sporting papers. It appears that a young gentleman of Edinburgh, early in last month, conceived the design of travelling to London on foot, and, against the advice of his friends, he carried out his project successfully. The account of the feat is given in his own words, and is perfectly simple and intelligible; in fact, but for statistics, which, we must say, are dead against it, the story carries truth on its surface. It begins thus:—

"I left Edinburgh at 10 P.M., on Tuesday, October 7, and walked all night to Ancroft, in Northumberland, without halting or rest. I walked seventy-two miles that night. I stayed all night at Ancroft with my uncle. On leaving Ancroft the next day, I walked to Lucker Hall, where I dined, and afterwards drank tea at Newham Hall. I left Newham Hall at 10 P.M., and walked all night to Durham, without food, rest, or sleep. I walked eighty-four miles, from Ancroft to Durham, without going to bed. I stayed all night at an hotel in Durham, and started on foot the next day for Yarm. I walked only thirty-one miles that day."

A question immediately arises, whether this story is to be treated as containing an element of the miraculous, in which case it is of course superior to criticism, or whether it is proper to apply to it the test of an arithmetical and geographical scrutiny. Perhaps, as bishops have set the fashion of raising doubts on the subject of one recorded march, we may be excused if we follow the example in the case of the young gentleman's walk. He started at 10 P.M., and walked seventy-two miles that night. We pass over the expression "that night," in a walk which must have occupied him till late in the next day, and only remark that the walk brought him into Northumberland, at Ancroft. Since Berwick is fifty-eight miles from Edinburgh, Ancroft must be about fourteen miles south of it, probably near Belford. It cannot be much further west, or the traveller would not have entered England. The next day, after a short walk before tea, he left again at ten, and came on to Durham, eighty-four miles, without rest or food. In the first place, we entirely deny that it is possible to walk eighty-four miles without rest or food. In the second place, we have shown that our friend must have got as far as Belford the first day; and from Belford to Durham there is a straight and unmistakable high road, and the number of miles between the two places is as nearly as possible sixty-four. Lastly, from Durham to Yarm is not thirty-one miles, but rather less than twenty-five.

The "young gentleman" proceeds to state that he travelled southward through York, Doncaster, and Newark; from which last place he walked thirty-five miles to Stamford, on Wednesday, October the 22nd. The proceedings of the next day we shall leave him to chronicle himself—

"I made up my mind not to rest myself at any place on the road between Stamford and London. I was also determined to walk more than 100 miles at one time. I left Stamford at nine o'clock a.m. on Thursday, October 23rd, and walked, by very long roads, through Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and entered London at King's Cross Railway station, in Middlesex, on Friday, October 24th, at two o'clock p.m. From Stamford to London, I walked no less than 130 miles, in thirty-six hours, without halting, without rest, without food, without sleep, and without going to bed."

The shortest road from Stamford to London is as is here represented, and the list of counties, up to a certain point, is right. It is, in fact, the Great North Road. Now let us examine the statement. To begin with, the dates are self-contradictory. The traveller declares that he did the "130 miles" in thirty-six hours, and almost in the same breath he says he started at nine in the morning, and came in at two the next afternoon. As he must know the time of starting and arriving, we adopt the latter estimate, and understand that the 130 miles were done in twenty-nine hours. Now, in another passage, he says that on moonless nights he walked three miles an hour, and in the daytime four miles. On October 23 the sun sets before five o'clock, so that there were thirteen hours of night. And it so happens that October 23 was the very day of the new moon, and the night must have been accordingly moonless. Hence, in the thirteen hours of night, the pedestrian walked about forty miles; a calculation which leaves just ninety for the remaining sixteen hours of daylight. If he walked at the rate of five miles an hour, a rate at which no pedestrian ever kept up the whole day—and he admits that his own rate was only four—he would still have ten miles entirely unaccounted for. But we have not yet done with our examination. The traveller walked through "very long roads." We mentioned above that he describes accurately the Great North Road, which cuts off a corner of Northampton and Bedfordshire, and crosses Huntingdonshire. But it is remarkable that the same road passes right across Hertford and Middlesex, of which not a word is said, and that near the border of the former it passes close to Hitchin. And it is a singular coincidence that a train from Hitchin reaches the King's Cross station every day at twenty minutes before two o'clock.

It is much more surprising that any one should be found to believe all this, than that people should be found to invent it. To walk 130 miles without food or rest is a magnificent thing—a feat eclipsing all other recorded feats; but it is a feat which no one in the world ever yet accomplished.

"Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit."

We are not able to say what is the greatest distance that has been travelled by a man in one day. A professional has been known to walk sixty miles every day for a week, by no means without food or rest. We are not aware of any instance, though such may possibly have occurred, in which a man has completed 100 miles in the twenty-four hours. The pedestrian feat, *par excellence*, of antiquity is that of the Athenian courier, Phidippides, who

brought the message to Sparta calling for aid against the Persians, and returned the next day. It is not easy to calculate the distance, and recent travellers in Greece throw no light upon the question; but the work may be roughly estimated at 150 miles in forty-eight hours—a performance which, considering the nature of the ground over which he travelled, may well be considered extraordinary. Most ordinary people in our day come in pretty tired after a fifty miles' walk. Our Edinburgh friend, however, felt quite the contrary. "I was not in the least knocked up, and was by no means fatigued." Indeed, he seems to have even enjoyed some of the miraculous exemptions vouchsafed to the Israelites of old. "My feet and shoes were both in perfect condition." After deliberate consideration we are inclined to think that this is really too much. We might believe that the milestones were wrong, and that from Stamford to London was within forty miles of what the young gentleman makes it; we might believe that one exceptional human being could carry food and water like the camel, and only want rest every second day; but we cannot, at the farthest stretch of our faith, bring ourselves to the conviction that shoe-leather does not wear out. The traveller finishes by saying, "I am blessed with a powerful digestion." We cannot help replying, that "we are not."

TOM SAYERS' ADIEU.

TOM SAYERS' announcement of his firm resolution never again to fight is couched in that manly and uncompromising tone which befits a person of his high position. He has been starring it in the provinces, mounted on a war-horse, and in the centre of a caravan of giants. This has given a healthy tone to his mind, and he naturally feels for his former pursuits the quiet indifference of a philosopher who has learned that pleasure and ambition are fleeting. The other statesmen of the ring are wearing out their very souls with the feverish excitement of rivalry. Tom Sayers is in the position of a statesman who has gone to the Upper House. Do not weep for me,—he seems to say to us,—I have been with, and may any day return to a caravan of giants, where every attention is paid to my comfort, and where alone true peace and happiness are to be found. It is this kind of dignified retirement which sits so well upon our leading men. Long before their faculties are decayed, they pass into an easy, tranquil atmosphere, and take their seats with the grandfathers of the nation. Tom Sayers does not care now for the prizes which other men care for. He knows their true value too well. But he does not on that account think his life ended. He can still look forward to a long time of usefulness in his new sphere. If any young pugilist wishes for Tom's advice to steer him through danger and temptation, Tom will, no doubt, be ready to give it. And the very benefit of having him so near, amongst us, though still a little removed, cannot be overrated. He will be a kind of bright example for others of his honourable profession to look up to. Wherever his caravan goes, he may go also; and whatever time he can snatch from the society of the giants will not be ill spent if it only succeeds in teaching his countrymen what manliness and courage and high feeling will do for a man. *Hæc arte Pollux et vagus Hercules*. Such was the lot of Pollux—who, as nobody knows better than Tom Sayers, was a boxer of science and renown. He is put by Horace along with wandering Hercules, who, in all probability, if we may judge from the epithet, was himself a giant in a tourist caravan. The Roman poet ranks them together among the stars in his day. In the same way Tom Sayers may feel that it is well for the sake of his country's honour that he should stay where he is now, and not return even to revisit the scenes where he won his earthly laurels. A man who enjoys the nectar and the conversation of as many Herculeses as can be carried comfortably in a waggon is not likely to abandon so high a position and privilege because of the idle regrets of the friends he leaves behind.

It was a favourite habit of the ancients, whenever they wished particularly to please some Emperor, to represent to him that he had already become immortal in his lifetime, and was, as it were, managing the affairs of the empire with one foot already in Olympus. He was depicted as subsisting, half on the water of earth, and half on the nectar of the gods. Tom Sayers disdains to mix his liquors in this way. He drinks his nectar neat. Having gone to the giants, he is not going to do things by halves. This is the explanation of that announcement which appears so prominently in the *Times*:—

"TOM SAYERS begs most respectfully to state, that he will NEVER again FIGHT, or second any man who may fight. The *Sporting Life* having stated that Sayers would second King from good authority, is not correct."

There is no weakness here, nor any of that idle looking back upon the past, which so often leads the *ci-devant* champion to subside into the decayed bottleholder. Tom does not merely state that he will never again fight himself. He never again will hold anybody on his knee, or sponge anybody's nose. Somebody else must do it. Tom cannot go on like lesser men nibbling at what they do not intend to eat. He hears a voice they cannot hear, that beckons him away. The giants are waiting for him. He has work to do and he must up and do it. This is what the advertisement means; and while, as human fallible beings, we feel Tom Sayers' determination, we do not repine, or try to wish him back, or endeavour uselessly to change his stern resolve. We would rather have the trouble, and anxiety, and wear and tear of finding another officer to sponge King's nose, than have Tom less worthy of himself. It would be undignified of him to be otherwise. The conqueror who has blackened a Heenan's eye, should do thoroughly whatever he takes in

hand. Nor does such a determination at all prevent Tom from reappearing on the scenes of his youth, from time to time, to enjoy his well-earned glory, in his intervals of leisure. All that it gives him is the mellowed dignity and authority of a philosopher. When he can be spared from his new companions, he will walk about among those who knew him, instructing and admonishing them. He will then go back and try to do good, in a quiet unassuming way, in his caravan. There is, indeed, in this, as Sampson Agonistes says, "nothing for tears." If Tom can succeed in teaching a single overgrown giant to stand less clumsily on his pins, or to make him feel less awkward in society, who can say that Tom will be throwing himself away? It is not so much what we do, as the way in which we do it, and the example we set while we are doing it. In all these important points we cannot doubt but that Tom will be refulgent. His life, his character, his writings, all breathe the same elevated spirit; and we shall be much surprised if it decays under the influence of his altered circumstances.

We do not know precisely what will be the feelings of the rest of the ring at learning that Tom Sayers still persists in his resolution to withdraw from pugilistic life. We can conceive a feeling of relief being blended with the natural anguish at his loss. It must be something of a consolation to the ambitious, to know that, whoever knocks them down hereafter, Tom will not. Nor will they even have to fear that, in the middle of a desperate contest, Tom Sayers will be officiating as their antagonist's second, and whispering strange dodges in his ear. They will be glad to be relieved from the incubus of so terrible a presence. Yet even the greatest rivals will have a passing pang when they add Tom Sayers to the list of all the other pugilistic celebrities whose day is now over. The worst of their trade is, that it is over for most men too soon in life, and leaves them too long to live upon nothing but their laurels. The prime of life is hardly turned with prizefighters, before they are fit for little else except to keep "stores," and to engage in the "fancy dog" line of business. Their first profession lasts for a few short years. Long before he is forty, the battered and exhausted pugilist retires prematurely to a public-house, where his name collects him a somewhat questionable *clientèle*, in the midst of whom he spends his days and evenings, planning and selling possible and impossible fights, and explaining over again his own battles to a select audience. Whatever happens to Tom Sayers, he has at least been preserved from the necessity of this. The sum which he has had settled on him, added to that which he has earned by exhibiting his illustrious person in caravans, is sufficient to ensure him a better end. That, at all events, is something. He has been, in his way, superior to the majority of those in his own way of living. For one day in his life he has, indeed, been the most conspicuous personage in England. On the occasion in question he displayed qualities and virtues of which Englishmen may be proud. This is no slight praise, and if he has reaped a material reward for it, it is only what he deserves. To stand up for hours to a man of twice your size, who has broken your arm, and who has subsequently been employed in beating in your face and sides, is a feat. We do not apply to it the language of fanatically muscular Christians; but we do certainly say that a man in the position of Tom Sayers has done what most men could not do. We wish him well in his new existence; and especially that he will not be too hard upon the giants. Whenever he is tempted to be irritated, he has only to remember that they have not had his advantages. Let him go where glory guides him; and never forget that the eye of England is upon him.

THE FRENCH DUEL.

To an English reader the whole story of the duel between Duc de Grammont-Caderousse and Mr. Dillon, the editor of *Le Sport*, from the first quarrel down to the verdict of the jury, appears one immense absurdity. The absurdity is in direct relief to the tragical and utterly useless catastrophe in which the principal actor was unhappily involved. Mr. Dillon was editor of a newspaper called *Le Sport*, and appears to have criticised the Duc de Grammont in a manner which appeared intolerable to French sensibility. The Duke wrote a letter to *Le Sport*, which Mr. Dillon would not print. It was then printed in a Belgian newspaper, and contained an exceedingly offensive question as to Mr. Dillon's opportunities of judging of the qualifications of gentlemen. Mr. Dillon required a "retraction complete." The Duc de Grammont refused to give it, and Mr. Dillon applied to a certain Vicomte de Noé, who had been in the army, and appears to have had considerable experience in duelling. M. de Noé found his principal inflexibly determined on a fight or an apology, so complete that M. de Noé himself seems to have thought it out of the question. The Duke's seconds, as representing the insulted party, had a right to the choice of weapons, and as the Duke (though in court he said he was a bad swordsman), had been a pupil of the best fencing-master in Paris, and had already fought two duels with swords, whilst Mr. Dillon was acquainted exclusively with the pistol, they naturally insisted in fighting with swords. Poor Mr. Dillon disliked the swords; but he has determined on fighting. "Il voulait manger De Caderousse," said his communicative second. He also thought he was "a lost man, dishonoured and thrown out of bread." M. de Noé observed, "But, unhappy man, you do not know how to handle a sword; you wish to fight with pistols, horrible weapons, while a brave-hearted man, sword in hand, may defend himself against all odds." Mr. Dillon, seeing that "pistols—horrible weapons"—were out of his reach, consented to use swords, and, as a sort of set-off, the other side consented that Mr. Dillon

should have a day to prepare himself. He went, accordingly, with his useful friend, M. De Noé, to the great M. Pons, the first fencing-master in Paris. This gentleman, however, had given lessons to the Duke, and had conscientious scruples about destroying the value of his own instructions. The pair, accordingly, resorted to "M. Gâtechair, a practical man," who, by the way, bore a remarkably appropriate name. M. Gâtechair described to Mr. Dillon some mystery about tierce and quarte, which we do not pretend to understand, and which appears to have been equally difficult to his unfortunate pupil. He was to attack "en tierce," and then to parry, after which the Duke would make a lunge, and Mr. Dillon would "spit him"—a phrase which M. le President reproved the veteran duellist for employing in his interrogatory. Mr. Dillon appears not to have known what tierce meant, for M. De Noé gave him a signal "when he was in the right line of play." This little attention he admitted was "not perhaps quite the thing, but, I said to myself, these gentlemen are blind to it—so much the worse for them." "Shall I sit here, sir, and wink at the jury?" said an attorney to a barrister, adding, with a gentle sigh, "perhaps it is not strictly honest." Poor Mr. Dillon did well at first, but, unhappily, he made a flourish—the Duke lunged, and he fell dead.

These lively details, from which our prosaic narrative takes off all the edge, are given in the original with the point and liveliness which they would possess in one of M. Dumas' novels. Indeed, the whole story is exactly like one of those charming little collections of paragraphs in half a line each, printed on paper with a wide margin, and with still wider spaces between the lines, with which most of us have whiled away many a weary hour on railroads or steamships. If they had been put into the mouth of a fictitious Vicomte in a novel bound in yellow paper, nothing could have been better; and they would have suggested to languid readers a faint curiosity as to the degree of resemblance which they might possibly bear to the truth. Coming as they do from a real live Vicomte, their grotesque levity and self-complacency cease to be amusing and become horrible. There is something at once affecting and pitiable in the poor man's excitement at being insulted. The substance of his view of the matter seems to have been, "I would rather run any risk of losing my own life, or taking that of another man, than live any longer in a world in which some one has said that I am not a gentleman." There are few things of which we have a better right to be proud in a quiet way than that we in this country have learnt to see the absurdity of such a feeling. Suppose a man does think you are not a gentleman, and not only thinks but says so, what does it matter? It is merely his opinion, and the importance of the opinion depends, not on its being expressed by this or that person, but on the grounds which he has for entertaining it. Its justice is in no way whatever affected by the fact that the person expressing it kills or wounds, or is himself killed or wounded, by the person to whom it relates.

With us all this, and more of the same sort, has become perfectly commonplace, but in France some other view on the subject, it is hard to say what, appears to be equally natural. The trial of the different persons concerned in this matter was more like a friendly conversation, in which the President took the part of a friendly, sensible kind of man of the world, than a criminal proceeding. The parties were indicted for wilful murder, but they were treated with a degree of polite consideration which contrasts strangely with the profession made by Frenchmen in general to treat every one as legally and socially equal, and in particular to look upon dukes, viscounts, and other aristocratic persons, as perfectly on a level with all the rest of their species. Matters were so managed that the accused were not in custody even for a single night. The gendarmes, by whom ordinary criminals are separated from each other whilst on their trials, were withdrawn after making a merely formal appearance. One of the prisoners, being "slightly indisposed," was allowed to retire to the private room of the judge. No one made any question as to the facts, and the trial took the form of a prolonged chat between the President and the prisoners about the different incidents of the duel and of the quarrel which led to it. The only controversy which arose in the whole course of the trial turned upon the question, whether the editor of a paper called the *Figaro* had inserted a statement that the Duke would not meet Mr. Dillon because he was not a noble, on the authority of Mr. Dillon's second, M. de Noé. On this point there was an explicit contradiction. M. de Noé gave the lie to M. de Villemessant, the editor, and challenged him to "swear by Jesus Christ" that he (M. de Noé) had not begged him to keep the matter out of the paper altogether. The President warmly, and not improperly, rebuked the editor of the *Figaro* for meddling in the matter, and so throwing difficulties in the way of making up the quarrel. Ultimately the jury acquitted all the prisoners, leaving Mrs. Dillon, the mother of the dead man, to sue the Duc de Grammont for damages.

To an English reader all this is very strange, but we must remember that all our views of criminal justice differ essentially from those which prevail in France. With us a court of law has specific points to try, and a specific set of questions to determine, and when they are decided it has practically little or no discretion as to the course which it is to take. The whole of our procedure, especially the rules of evidence, are based upon this; and by long habit even juries have been made to understand fully that they are summoned only to decide certain specific questions and nothing else, and that without regard either to the consequences or to the moral impression which they may produce. They manage matters, if not better, at any rate very differently, in France. Their phraseology on the subject gives a clear notion of the view

which they take. The trial forms the "débats," and the whole case is called the "Affaire Dillon," or whatever it may be: for instance, a singularly horrible murder, which occurred about a year ago near Lyons, was known as the "Affaire de Saint-Cyr." The way in which trials are conducted corresponds to these general phrases. The court will hear anything and everything. They will discuss the "antecedents" of the prisoners and the witnesses; they will receive in evidence any quantity of rumours; they will go at any length that anybody pleases, not only into the legal merits of the case, but into its moral and political merits, and into the social, moral, and political merits of every thing, person, or institution in any way connected with it. Some years ago a girl was ravished and murdered at Toulouse. There was reason to suppose that the crime had been committed in a monastery, and, after a good deal of inquiry, a particular monk was fixed upon as the criminal. His trial extended over nearly three weeks; more than one hundred witnesses were examined; and about four-fifths of the whole controversy turned, not upon the question whether he was guilty, but on the question whether the crime had been committed in the convent, and whether the monks had conspired together to conceal it. Several witnesses were called to give evidence on the question whether the rules of the establishment required a monk to lie if the superior ordered him to do so. The different parties to the dispute got so hot in it that the advocate of the *partie civile* burst out into a vehement declaration that the question was whether a state within a state should be tolerated, "Puisque vous avez voulu accepter le débat à cette hauteur je l'accepte," &c. The system, in short makes the legal guilt or innocence of the person accused almost a subordinate matter. It treats trial by jury, not as a way of trying prisoners, but as a mode of applying a sort of popular legislation to every particular case as it arises.

The question virtually asked of a French jury is not, has this man done this or that particular thing, but what do you think on the whole of this man's conduct? Do you, or do you not think it desirable to describe him as a criminal? To Englishmen, of course, this appears a monstrous system. How it came to obtain in France is a question far too wide to be discussed here. In a few words, it may be said that it is a paradoxical result of the attempt to graft free institutions on despotic ones. French courts of justice before the Revolution were more like legislatures than courts of law. The jury to a great extent retain the powers which the old parliaments employed.

There is one particular in which we might profit by the example of our neighbours. Though the Duc de Grammont is acquitted he may have to pay heavy damages to Mr. Dillon's family. It is a great defect in our law that the civil injury is considered to be merged in the crime, so that an injury by which a whole family might be reduced to want, may render them dependent on the generosity of the man who inflicts it. If by culpable negligence I so injure a surgeon or an artist that he loses his hand I am liable to an action which would probably end in ruinous damages. If the man dies I am guilty of manslaughter, and as no action lies for a felony, I should probably escape with a trifling imprisonment. This is not the less an anomaly and a hardship because it is not of frequent occurrence.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

EVER since the substance of Lord Russell's recent despatch on Danish affairs became known here, speculation has been rife as to what could be the meaning or explanation of such a demonstration at such a moment. The English Foreign Secretary seemed to have suddenly abandoned the position of friendly neutrality his Government had hitherto maintained, and taken part in the quarrel, not on the side of Denmark, the weaker and oppressed power, but on the side of Germany, whose extreme pretensions the English Government had steadily refused to recognize. This demonstration of political hostility, or what seemed like it, was made, too, at the very moment when the friendly feeling existing between the two countries had been immensely strengthened by the prospect of a speedy alliance between the Royal families of England and Denmark. The news of this approaching union had been received with great and general enthusiasm in both kingdoms. It could hardly be the mere cynical pleasure of throwing a wet blanket on popular feeling that induced Lord Russell to pen an unfriendly despatch at such a moment. Nor could any motive so trivial as the mere dramatic love of contrast and surprise have influenced his conduct. Many people seem disposed, however, to believe that the marriage may, after all, have had something to do with the despatch. Lord Russell, it is suggested, under a morbid desire to keep the balance of our relations perfectly even, may have administered this diplomatic rebuff as a kind of set-off against the domestic alliance. We confess we do not see the force of this reason; but if it had any, the Danes would be justly entitled to complain that the alliance was dearly purchased at the expense of a movement directed against their national existence. Other critics have noted what is perfectly true,—that the despatch is dated from Gotha, and bears throughout strong traces of the peculiar pressure brought to bear on the noble Lord at that small Germanic court. But even at Gotha Lord Russell was still an English minister, and would not abandon a position deliberately taken without some special and powerful reason. This reason is said to have been the desire to avoid a European war, the politicians of the ducal court having assured him that Germany was in earnest in the quarrel, and would, if necessary, enforce her claims at the point of the sword. There is, probably, some truth in such a representation. That a war against Denmark would be

popular in Germany is likely enough. For Prussia such a war would at any time be a welcome distraction, and just now it is fast becoming a political necessity. But whether the German powers would be prepared to urge their pretensions at the point of the sword or not, it is quite certain that the Danes would, if need be, resist them by force; for their national existence is involved in the struggle. And it would be a singular way of trying to prevent war for the mediating powers to favour, in any way, claims opposed to the rights of the Danish crown, and which, it is well known, the nation would rather perish than concede. The real truth probably is that Lord Russell, being anxious to make another attempt at a compromise, and having drawn up his scheme at a German court, his proposals were more one-sided—more favourable, that is, to the German claims—than he himself was aware; that he did not fully comprehend the scope and tendency of his own suggestions.

The text of the despatch helps to confirm this more charitable hypothesis; and after reading it, the noble Lord's honesty of purpose may perhaps be vindicated, though it must be confessed somewhat at the expense of his better intelligence. The despatch is, in some respects better, and in some worse than it was represented. It undoubtedly contains some things of an unfriendly and even offensive character. The noble Lord quotes, for example, as perfectly authentic, the complaints made by the Prussian Government against the administration of Schleswig, though the alleged facts on which these complaints were founded have been formally denied by the Cabinet of Copenhagen, and the denial supported by special investigation and official returns from the duchy. Again, the noble Lord assumes points that are vital in the controversy,—such as the invalidity of the constitution of 1855 so far as the Duchies are concerned,—which no one familiar with the stages of the conflict could regard as in any way decided, except from the most partisan and one-sided point of view. On the other hand, Lord Russell does not endorse the claims of the German powers, or in any way recognize the justice of their extreme demands, though his proposals are more favourable to German interests than some other schemes of compromise that have recently been discussed. The gist of this new plan may be stated in a few words. The two main points on which this protracted and intricate controversy has turned are the constitutional position of Schleswig, and the providing a central legislative organ or common constitution for the whole Danish monarchy. While both parties have been thinking all the time about Schleswig, they have from the first talked most and quarrelled most about the common constitution. In the year 1855, the King of Denmark, it will be remembered, promulgated a plan of constitutional government, with a common Parliament for all parts of the monarchy, including, of course, the German duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg. This scheme was founded on equality of representation, according to the ratio of population in the different parts of the monarchy. The Germanic Confederation, however, acting on behalf of the German duchies, protested against this common constitution, on account of this very principle. It demanded that, instead of population, the political divisions of the monarchy should be taken as the basis of representation, and that each part should send the same number of representatives to the common Parliament, irrespective altogether of their marked differences in wealth, population, and territorial extent. According to this demand, the small duchy of Lauenburg, with a population of only 50,000, would send as many representatives to the common Parliament as Denmark proper, with a population of more than a million and a half. Such a claim was too wildly unjust, and even absurd, to be entertained for a moment. But as the Confederation threatened war unless the common constitution was relinquished, so far as Holstein and Lauenburg were concerned, the Danish Government yielded so far, and its provisions were not carried out in the two German duchies. The Diet then claimed that, pending some new arrangement, the provincial Assembly of Holstein should have a voice and a veto in the common affairs of the monarchy. If conceded, this would necessarily have produced the greatest anarchy and confusion. The Danish Government, however, yielded for the moment, as far as possible, and called on the German powers to suggest some definite plan for the government of the Duchies. The German powers failed to respond to this appeal, and the time assigned for their initiative having passed, the Danish Government felt compelled to act for itself, and decided on establishing a separate government in the Duchies; the other parts of the monarchy being united on the constitutional basis of 1855, and represented in the Rigsgaad or common Parliament. Against even this plan the German powers protest, demanding that the common constitution should be abolished in the other part of the monarchy, that is in Schleswig and Denmark proper, as well as in the German duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg. Here Lord Russell steps in as a kind of mediator, his proposal being that a central organ of government, or State Council, should be created, two-thirds of whose members should be Danes and one-third Germans. This council would regulate the expenditure of the revenue, which would be voted by the four provincial assemblies,—the normal budget every ten years, and extraordinary expenses annually. In terms, this proposal does not appear so very one-sided or extravagant. The fatal objection is that the scheme is utterly impracticable, and would produce nothing but anarchy and confusion. It would be impossible, as the British Cabinet has itself urged more than once, to govern a kingdom by the common and co-ordinate authority of four provincial assemblies.

On the other point,—the constitutional position of Schleswig, Lord Russell's suggestions are open to even stronger objections. Politically, Schleswig is a

purely Danish province, and has been so for a century and a half. It never belonged to the Confederation, and the German powers have no more legal right to interfere in its affairs than they have to interfere in the government of Ireland or Canada. It is true that, in the correspondence with these powers which took place two years ago, the King of Denmark voluntarily engaged to respect the claims of the rival nationalities in this province—an engagement which he claims to have honourably fulfilled. But whether fulfilled or not, the German powers would have no legal authority to interfere, the King having, in the correspondence referred to, formally reserved intact the rights of the Danish crown. In demanding the abolition of the common constitution in Schleswig, the German powers have, therefore, exceeded all recognized limits both of international right and international courtesy, attempting, in a manner equally unscrupulous and offensive, to usurp authority in the domestic affairs of the Danish Government. It is much to be regretted that anything in Lord Russell's despatch should even appear to sanction a lawless and aggressive policy of this kind. The noble Lord's suggestions with regard to Schleswig tend however in this direction. At a time when the Danish Government is doing its utmost to unite the different parts of the monarchy on constitutional principles and for constitutional purposes, the English Foreign Secretary advises greater isolation, and a more complete separation between the different parts of the monarchy. If Lord Russell's suggestions on this head were carried out, and a separate government established in Schleswig, this would inevitably be the first step towards the dismemberment of the monarchy, and would lead in the end to the destruction of the kingdom. The firm and pointed reply of the Danish Government on this head is the only answer that could have been given consistently with its duties to the nation and the crown. "The maintenance of the common constitution in Schleswig is a vital question for Denmark. The Danish Government will, therefore, firmly adhere to the line of conduct prescribed by this conviction. The acceptance of the proposition made by Earl Russell would lead to the destruction of constitutional life in Denmark, and would soon even imperil the existence of the monarchy itself."

MR. TRAIN ON ENGLAND'S ROTTENNESS.

A BYSTANDER proverbially sees more of the game than the players; and it is well known that defects in national institutions, which have entirely escaped the notice even of the most sagacious among the people living under those institutions, will sometimes be detected by the eye of an highly cultivated and unprejudiced foreigner. And it is for this reason that the criticisms of Mr. Train on ourselves and our institutions must have a peculiar value for every English patriot and reformer. The name of George Francis Train is not unknown in this country, but owing to the perversity of Fate, which has always made the best and wisest of men the victims of its sport, the fame of this everlasting gentleman has fallen very far short of those transcendent abilities and virtues which he possesses, as we now know on the best authority, namely, his own unimpeachable word of honour. He has been good enough to dwell among us for a little while, and, graceless as we are, we have none of us forgotten what he did when he was here. The Bayswater-road and Victoria-street were made the scene of his exploits for the amelioration of our unhappy condition, and it will hardly be denied, even by the most sceptical disciple of La Rochefoucauld, that Mr. Train must have been animated by motives of the most disinterested philanthropy in laying down his "horse railroads" along our thoroughfares; for what man in his senses, much less an exceedingly clever man like Mr. Train, would embark his private capital, with the hope of profit, in a country which he knows to be rotten to its very core? But casting pearls before swine has been a thankless act since the beginning of time, and Mr. Train's munificent scheme was brought to a sudden collapse by the fiendish malignity of the British aristocracy and the venal sycophancy of her Majesty's judges. This, however, was not all that Mr. Train attempted for the relief of our social system. The spirit of reform burnt fiercely within him, and he looked about right and left for abuses and evils with which he might measure his strength. He had not far to look, and he struck out gallantly. Musing one day upon the instability of human greatness and the ingratitude of a besotted people, he gazed out of his window in St. James's-street, and saw, or thought he saw, a sight which moved him to resolve, there and then, that he would extirpate one of those infamous practices which the members of a bloated and profligate aristocracy openly make the chief business of their lives, while they devote their leisure moments to enacting tyrannical laws in the two Houses of Parliament. How well he fought, and how hard he swore, in this good cause, is recorded in the annals of the police-courts; but the powers of evil were too many for him again, and if his blows only recoiled on himself, the disastrous result is clearly traceable to the degraded state of public opinion and the hopelessly corrupt administration of justice in England. In an evil hour for us and our latest posterity, our best friend at length threw up the game. Weary of wasted virtues, he turned his back on the English shore, and went to his own place.

To a superficial observer Mr. Train's mission to this country must seem to have been a complete failure from beginning to end; but we have the gratifying assurance that it was not so; for on this point, too, we have his own indisputable testimony. It is now no longer a secret that his brief sojourn here was fraught with political consequences of portentous magnitude. He has himself made such explicit revelations that there can be no harm in alluding to

the subject, nor will any risk be run of compromising by premature publicity the success of a colossal movement which awaits only the signal for a start from Mr. Train. While he was over here he entered into extended relations with the working classes, and acquired the most complete ascendancy over them. To him they now impatiently look for release from their hereditary bondage, but the hour is not ripe for their rising. "They are only waiting in England for Americans to close up their war, and then the English revolution will commence. These twenty-four millions of enslaved men will rise." All, therefore, is now ready; the mine is charged, and one word from George Francis Train is to be the spark that will blow the British monarchy and constitution into the air. So it is time for us all to stand to and hold hard; but the brief moments that yet remain to us before the general dissolution cannot be better employed than in listening to what falls from the lips of the man, in the hollow of whose hand lie our present fortunes and our future destinies. Unlike a far inferior potentate who holds many of the threads of European politics, Mr. Train is neither taciturn nor reticent. Such is his strength, that he can plot and conspire in broad daylight; and, prancing from town to town, he takes the American public into his counsels. Not very many days ago a large audience assembled at the Academy of Music in New York to hear him "pronounce himself in regard to England's rottenness, Ireland's oppression, and several other subjects." There he was introduced to the audience by Mr. Cassius M. Clay; and though the latter gentleman leans towards deplorable heresies with respect to "the eternal nigger," he has, as is well known, thoroughly sound opinions about England.

When Mr. Train came forward on the platform he was welcomed with warm applause by the admiring throng before him, but with that innate modesty which is one of his most conspicuous virtues, he passed the applause on "to the credit of the navy, which, speaking through the guns of the *Monitor*, warned England to keep her hands off." George Francis Train is not exactly the kind of man to beat about the bush; he had come there to talk about England, and he plunged at once in *medias res*. He threw off with a wholesale denunciation of England, in broad and general terms, as a country utterly unworthy of any sort of respect, and he defied, beforehand, all contradiction of his statements. One good result, however, came of Mr. Train's visit to England. Here it was that he first took the measure of his own intellectual stature; for it seems that he attended the meetings of a certain "great debating society" in England, and there, as he says, "he assumed a magnificent idea of his own abilities." What this debating society can have been we have not the remotest idea; but that all the most powerful intellects we can boast of were present at these meetings, and that Mr. Train "chewed" them up in double quick time, we have not the smallest doubt, as he himself declares that it was so. By this *naïve* confession Mr. Train placed himself on a pinnacle above his fellows, which, to any other man, would have been a dizzy and dangerous height, but it was not so to him. He was quite at ease there; "for no man, he believed, could assume a position which he had not the power to maintain; and, therefore, it was impossible for him to stand before an audience, if he had not the intellect to back up anything he might say." Having thus gracefully won the implicit confidence of his audience, he returned to his denunciations, and made a slashing onslaught on the Barings, Rothschilds, Peabodys, and all other English bankers; but this was nothing to what came afterwards, when "he declared that he had made the discovery that England was rotten in her navy, rotten in her army, rotten in her finances, rotten in her education, rotten in her religion, rotten all through, and that the old ship was sinking. England's philanthropy was a sham, her charity a gigantic sham, her wealth a myth. The land was pauperized all through its various grades of society." This solemn savage kind of work was more than flesh and blood could witness for any length of time without a respite; and so the orator turned aside to give humorous sketches of English life and manners; and his hearers nearly went beside themselves with uproarious delight. All that we hold most sacred and dear was made the butt of his terrible raillery. Our public dinners are not a subject to be treated with levity; but Mr. Train gave a comic illustration of an English after-dinner speech, and then, emboldened by the fanatic joy of the audience, he went on—we shudder to write it—to a still more comic illustration of an English sermon. It has indeed been sometimes whispered among ourselves that the intellectual flower of England's youth is not to be found in the ranks of the clergy, and this lamentable fact did not escape the piercing scrutiny of Mr. Train. If a master-sweep in England—he assured the people of New York—had two sons, he would say, "This is a bright boy; he will make a good master-sweep, and may succeed me in my business; but the other boy is stupid and dull; I will have to send him to the Church." But what false delicacy was it that prevented Mr. Train from adding the well-known fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who for some years swept the chimneys of Lords Palmerston and Shaftesbury, and proved himself sadly incompetent in that line, was induced to throw up his business and take to the Church by a promise of the Primacy of all England? These comic sketches were followed by humorous anecdotes about "Grant Berkeley," and a certain "cockney nobleman;" and then Mr. Train, having given himself and his hearers time to breathe by a little light sparring, resumed his old slashing style. Amid yells of joy he announced that in an address which he had made before the St. Patrick's Debating Society, "he had broken up the bond between England and Ireland for ever." But this immortal exploit does not appear to be attended with

any danger, for "Talk of England fighting! You might slap them and kick them, for there was no fight in them. The Englishman was made up of so many cubic inches of mutton chops and so many quarts of beer. The only way to reach him was through his stomach and through his pocket."

Thus far Mr. Train was wafted along by a hurricane of universal applause; every word of his had found an echo of conviction in every man around him, but a casual remark, that our West India emancipation was a gigantic swindle planned by Wilberforce and the Gurneys, brought him on to a dangerous ground. Here (in the language of American papers) "he switched off into the track of the nigger," and having declared that he found nine cubic inches of brain less in the negro than in the white man, announced his intention of going to Richmond with the coffin of the abolition party in his hand, by way of a flag of truce. This was more than Mr. Cassius M. Clay could patiently endure. Mr. Train was dear to him, but his principles were dearer. And so he rose from his seat, and advancing to the front of the platform, claimed his right to be heard. From that moment the harmony of the meeting was gone; and not even Mr. Train could assuage the troubled waters. A few words from Mr. Clay, to the effect that a black man has as good a right to be free as the white man, were more than enough to turn an assembly of the most polished people in creation into an image of Pandemonium; and in an instant the air was rent with a storm of yells, groans, and hisses. "Dry up! D— you! dry up! To h— with all these d—d abolitionists!" were some of the expressions with which citizens, whom we all recognize as models of delicacy and refinement, blandly intimated to Mr. Clay a divergence of opinion from him. That gentleman, however, stood his ground manfully. "He had been used to that kind of thing all his life;" and when there arose a general cry of "Put him out! put him out!" he assumed an attitude and a look, on which were unmistakeably written, "I should like to see you try!" But where was Mr. Train all this time? it may be asked. Nothing, we are glad to say, could have been more generous than the conduct of Mr. Train during these trying moments. He shook hands with Mr. Clay, he patted him on the back, he called him his friend, and he implored the audience to listen to Mr. Clay, only for the space of two minutes by the watch. Trying another tack, he assured his admirers, "with an air of beneficent superiority," that if they would only listen to Mr. Clay, he would give a good account of his arguments, and satisfactorily dispose of them. Again and again "he came forward smilingly, and with the air of being able to do up the job handsomely and in quick time;" but it was all in vain. "The inevitable Captain Rynders," was there too, and played a part worthy of himself. He did all that mortal man could do. But the more than Roman fortitude of Cassius Clay, the chivalry of Train, and the vast experience of "the inevitable Rynders," all were alike powerless to obtain a fair hearing for Mr. Clay. And it became necessary to break up the meeting, after a challenge for a free discussion on the slavery question had been given and accepted between Mr. Train and Mr. Clay, for that evening in another place.

CAMILLA'S HUSBAND.

ANY play which enables Mr. Robson to appear as a comic tinker, to enunciate in that capacity various questionable aphorisms, and to justify a habit of indiscriminate appropriation by the maxim, "Heaven helps those that help themselves," is likely, in the present condition of theatrical taste in this country, to enjoy a fair share of the public approbation. But the comedy recently brought out at the Olympic has other and more respectable claims to popularity. It is, at any rate, not so extravagantly foolish as the sensation-pieces which nowadays it is the fashion to construct for the purpose of exhibiting the special capabilities of a single performer; nor does it depend, like the great "success" at the Haymarket, on a sort of parody of real life so wild and violent as scarcely to fall short of actual buffoonery. In *Lady Camilla* we have a heroine who, if not everything that a heroine should be, possesses a history about which it is possible to feel interested, and who carries us on from one part of her career to another, without violating any of the probabilities of existence beyond the legitimate limits accorded to the imagination of playwrights—and if the subordinate parts of the piece are not very brilliant, or very brilliantly acted, they are near enough to life to take their stand in the back-ground of the picture, without offending the eye by any obtrusive unsuitableness. The tinker's establishment first comes upon the scene—there is, of course, a donkey, with a pile of kettles; Dogbriar, the tinker himself; Red Judy, his wife; an old gipsy woman, with rolling eyes and of very depraved appearance, and a young lady called Sloeberry, who is prepared at any moment, for a slight remuneration, to glance into futurity, and who, if a very handsome pair of bright eyes can assist in the process, ought to be able to do so with the best possible success. Though her normal avocation is foretelling other people's loves, she indulges in a little sentimentality on her own account. There is one Maurice, an interesting young artist, who has been brought up in the bosom of the tinker's family, comes from nobody knows where, divides his time between his canvas and his brandy-bottle, and ruins Sloeberry's peace of mind by getting tipsy by himself instead of flirting with her. Sloeberry's attachment is entirely disinterested, for Maurice turns out not to have a farthing in his pocket, and is obliged to pay his score at the inn by the humiliating expedient of renovating the glories of a faded sign-post, while his friend Jonquil, who travels with him and shares his fortunes, takes twopenny portraits, first, of all the village beauties, and next,

of the prize pigs of a neighbouring proprietor. At this point of the story *Lady Camilla* drops like a goddess upon the scene, summons the landlord to an interview, and demands to be instantaneously supplied with a husband. Though the lady is loveliness itself, though her dress, her purse, her conversation, suggest the likelihood of some deliciously aristocratic mystery, none of the villagers are courageous enough for the post, and Maurice, who is by this time very tipsy indeed, consents to be taken off to church, married out of hand, and never, unless at her own express desire, to speak to his strangely-found wife again. The ceremony is just concluded, and *Lady Camilla* has disappeared, when Sir Philip Hailstone rushes upon the scene, receives and peruses the fatal document which attests *Camilla's* rash step, and proceeds to tear his hair in a fine histrionic frenzy, which nothing short of a lost fortune could justify or explain. Sir Philip's malign visage convinces us, at first sight, that he is the villain of the piece, and his villainy consists in having tried to force *Lady Camilla* into a hateful union with himself. A clause in the will, under which she holds her wealth, obliges her to be married, and armed with this cruel provision, and backed up by the traditional guardian, Sir Philip had persecuted the lovely victim into the precipitate adoption of a chance alliance.

Beauty and innocence, however, have a special providence of their own; and though inebriated sign-painters are not, as a general rule, the most promising material for domestic bliss, Maurice, in course of time, proves himself worthy of the elevation which Fortune has thrown in his way. He goes away to Germany, indulges in aspirations towards the ideal, comes home clean and sober and sentimental just in time to rescue *Lady Camilla* from a watery grave, by pulling her out of *Windermere*. This, we must observe, is a very pretty scene: the lake, the clouds, the thunder and lightning, the rush of the storm which overset *Camilla's* boat, are all first-rate; but the rescue is effected off the stage, and is only conveyed to the audience by the exclamations of the beholders. This, after Mr. Boucicault's famous "header," is a little tame; and we should believe in Maurice a great deal more intensely if we saw him actually take to the water in behalf of the fair being to whom so mysterious a link connects him. Let us entreat the authorities of the Olympic to give us a "rock-scene" and a lover's leap, and a *bonâ fide* dive, à la *Colleen Bawn*, and the *Lady Camilla* may then hope to find her way to the capricious affections of a London audience.

The sequel of the story may be easily understood: *Lady Camilla* is placed in a distressing dilemma between aristocratic pride, conjugal obligations, and the gratitude due to a preserver. Maurice, who has been silently adoring her ever since their marriage, breathes a whisper of his passion, is silenced sternly, and returns to his easel and his friend. By degrees his fame grows, his pictures sell, his lofty aspirations are one by one attained, and *Lady Camilla* feels that, but for the degradation of his origin, her finely-strung sensibilities might have been worthily bestowed upon the man who, despite so many difficulties, had risen to artistic celebrity, and who, if reared in a gipsy's camp and by a tinker's wife, had stamped upon him the honourable brand of one of Nature's gentlemen.

At last the *dénouement* arrives; Dogbriar appears on the scene a disconsolate widower, and produces a miniature which Red Judy confided to him in her last moments. This miniature was the portrait of Maurice's father, and proves him to be the cousin alike of Sir Philip Hailstone and *Camilla*. All now is plain sailing; Sir Philip resolves to kill the man who stands in the way of his fortunes, and Maurice gives him the opportunity by knocking him down. A challenge is given and accepted; the lovely Sloeberry, still constant to her first love, rushes away to tell *Camilla*. *Camilla* rushes to the artist's studio, confesses the secret passion by which she is consumed, and earns by that avowal her lover's promise that no encounter shall ensue. While the lovers are still engaged Sir Philip Hailstone is announced, rejects Maurice's apology, and strikes him in the face. *Camilla* rushes from behind the scene, where she had concealed herself, denounces the villainy of her persecutor, and releases her husband from his promise. Swords are produced, Sir Philip of course speedily disarmed, and Maurice, his honour cleared, his courage attested, and his birth no longer obscure, enters upon the matrimonial Paradise, towards which he had been so long and painfully struggling. The tinker continues hardened to the end, and Sloeberry, who is a great deal too pretty not to find an admirer, consoles herself, we are happy to observe, with a less hopeless attachment than that which had engaged her early years.

Such a play scarcely admits of the highest order of dramatic excellence, and certainly does not attain to it; nor would it deserve notice except in an age as sterile as our own of even decent mediocrities. The theatre, it is scarcely too much to say, is fast disappearing from the list of polite entertainments; and the fault, if fault it be, is probably to be divided between the stupidity of managers, who provide dull plays, and the prejudices of the public, which will not go to see good ones. The unreasoning hostility with which all dramatic performances were once regarded, is happily giving way to a more truthful, charitable, and reasonable state of opinion; and the efforts of the several managers to guard their establishments from every semblance of impropriety, will, no doubt, be rewarded in time by the removal of the sort of social stigma against which the dramatic profession had once to contend. It would be a real misfortune if this sensible and refined pleasure ceased to take a place amid the scanty recreations by which Englishmen endeavour occasionally to forget their business and themselves; and it would be equally

detrimental to society if the public taste became gradually vitiated down to the level of those entertainments which at several of our theatres seem to have driven out tragedy and comedy alike, to make place for the broadest and vulgarest form of farce.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS AND LANCASHIRE RATES.

THOSE who remembered the attack which Mr. Gladstone made on the mill-owners of Lancashire when he was at Newcastle, must have been surprised and gratified at the different tone he adopted in his speech at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as reported in the *Times* of Tuesday last. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has bit by bit confessed his indiscretions on the Tyne, and on Monday he praised men who had been guilty of the very conduct which at Newcastle he vehemently condemned. In October he held up to public indignation a mill-owner who had sold his cotton and shut up his mill; he now knows that such an action may be part of a plan of wisest benevolence. It is to be regretted that better knowledge did not prevent the wrong of which Mr. Gladstone was guilty; but there will probably never be wanting ignorant accusers of their neighbours, and the very newspaper which contained Mr. Gladstone's recantation, brought forward a successor charged with coarser and more ignorant injustice. At the worst of times the Chancellor of the Exchequer must know something of his native county, and he has a decent acquaintance with political economy; Professor Kingsley appears to know nothing of Lancashire, and as an economist he takes rank somewhere below Mr. Ruskin. The Cambridge Professor had met with some statistics which he could not interpret, and the deficiencies of which he could not supply; and, utterly ignoring the diversity of classes in Lancashire, he proceeded to expose to his countrymen the "game which the Boards of Guardians of the county were playing," and to call upon the men of Lancashire, if they were honest, to meet the distress by increasing the rates, instead of appealing to their more heavily burdened countrymen in "Wessex." The cry has been so readily echoed that it seems desirable to inquire what it means, and what would be the results were it thoroughly carried out.

What is called by political economists the incidence of taxation, is a subject which Mr. Kingsley and his noisy followers have evidently never considered. The Professor seems to be of opinion that increased rates will be necessarily paid by his ideal mill-owner, who has fattened on the spoils of labour, and who is now in some pleasant retirement waiting with his pockets full for the return of prosperity; that such would not be the case a little consideration will show. The burden of supporting the poor is, in England, a parochial burden, and the cost of the support falls primarily on those who occupy rateable property within the parish; in ordinary times this charge is one of the elements which determine the normal rate of profits, and it becomes adjusted amongst the several members of society. The poor-rate paid by a farmer or shopkeeper does not press solely on himself, nor on his landlord, nor on his customers; were it abolished, the ultimate effect would be to increase the profits of the farmer or shopkeeper, raise the rents of the landlord, and diminish prices to the customer. But if on the state of adjustment which ordinarily exists, there supervenes, within a definite area, a severe and sudden increase of pressure, the additional burden will be found to be cast wholly or nearly so upon the occupier; the relation between himself and his landlord is usually too permanent to admit of modification, nor can pressure be put upon the customer as long as there are districts unaffected by the sudden disturbance, which can supply the wants of the customer at unaltered prices. In the case where the occupier is also the owner, there can of course be no relief from the pressure on the part of a landlord. If now we consider the classes of Lancashire society, and the limits of Lancashire unions, we shall find the leading men of the former to consist of landowners, millowners or manufacturers, and merchants and warehousemen, who supply the manufacturer with his raw material, and take from him his manufactured products. These classes are rarely mixed together in a union, still less in a township: the landowners and farmers are found in separate unions; only in one or two places are manufacturers carrying on their business amongst merchants and warehousemen. At Liverpool, for example, there are merchants but no manufacturers; at Manchester, indeed, warehousemen and manufacturers are mixed together, but there is a comparatively small proportion of the latter. Again, the classes which have been reaping gain amidst the distress are the merchants and the warehousemen: the former gained the benefit of high prices for cotton, the latter have received high prices for their goods, and have been still more benefited in escaping from the ruin which previous over-production had made imminent. The landowner has not directly lost by the cotton crisis; of the Lancashire classes, upon the manufacturer alone has the brunt fell; he has been compelled either to shut up his mill and lose the interest of his capital, besides suffering the deterioration of his stock, or to escape this he has manufactured goods at a loss, the price at which he has sold his piece-goods scarcely exceeding the price of the raw cotton he was obliged to purchase.

If now we were to apply the sudden pressure of heavy rates within a county like Lancashire, the consequences may easily be foreseen. The rates would be heavy where the distress prevails; that is, in the manufacturing townships; they would press on small tradesmen, who are already exhausted, and on mill-owners whose mills are profitless. A rate on the latter is like a rate for an unoccupied house, or rating a farm which produces no return; and

the parallel to such an impost is not to be found in Mr. Kingsley's rector, who pays a 6s. rate with an income of £600 a year actually received, but in one who is called on to pay a rate on that sum when he has received nothing, and has little hope of receiving anything. The merchants, warehousemen, and landlords, upon whom high rates might justly be imposed, would almost entirely escape their pressure.

It may, of course, be thought, that the provisions of Mr. Villiers' bill, involving a rate-in-aid, would ultimately bring within the area of rating, classes which would at first escape; but the rate-in-aid cannot be used till the expenditure for the relief of the poor has amounted to a 5s. rate. The numbers of those who are already obliged to be excused is enormous. In Oldham, out of 16,000 assessments, the rates for 8,000 cannot be raised; and if an additional rate were imposed, it could not be obtained from a great many further defaulters. It is not too much to say that an expenditure of five shillings in the pound involves rates for seven and sixpence, which, as we have seen, would have to be collected from men of no accruing income. To get at the outlying parishes and unions upon such terms, is to march over prostrate manufacturers. Even then, the landowners would be untouched, for a little consideration has shown us that a sudden increase of rates in an agricultural parish falls, not upon the landlord, but on the tenant.

Those who will weigh these reasons must see that the difficulty of supporting half a million paupers by the ordinary machinery of poor-rates is insuperable. It is, indeed, surprising that that machinery has not already broken down; as it is, the paupers actually in receipt of relief in distressed unions have increased from about 60,000 at this time last year to over 240,000, and it may confidently be asserted that a pressure so sudden and severe is unprecedented. If we add to the 240,000 in receipt of parochial relief half as many again receiving aid from the local committees, and remember that the weekly increase to the number of the distressed is now 13,000, we may well be appalled at the crisis. It is idle to think that such a burden can be borne by broken shopkeepers and embarrassed manufacturers. The truth is, that the parochial system of relief is only applicable in ordinary times and for periods where the variations of pressure are slight; a time of acute distress at once lays bare its injustice and its defects.

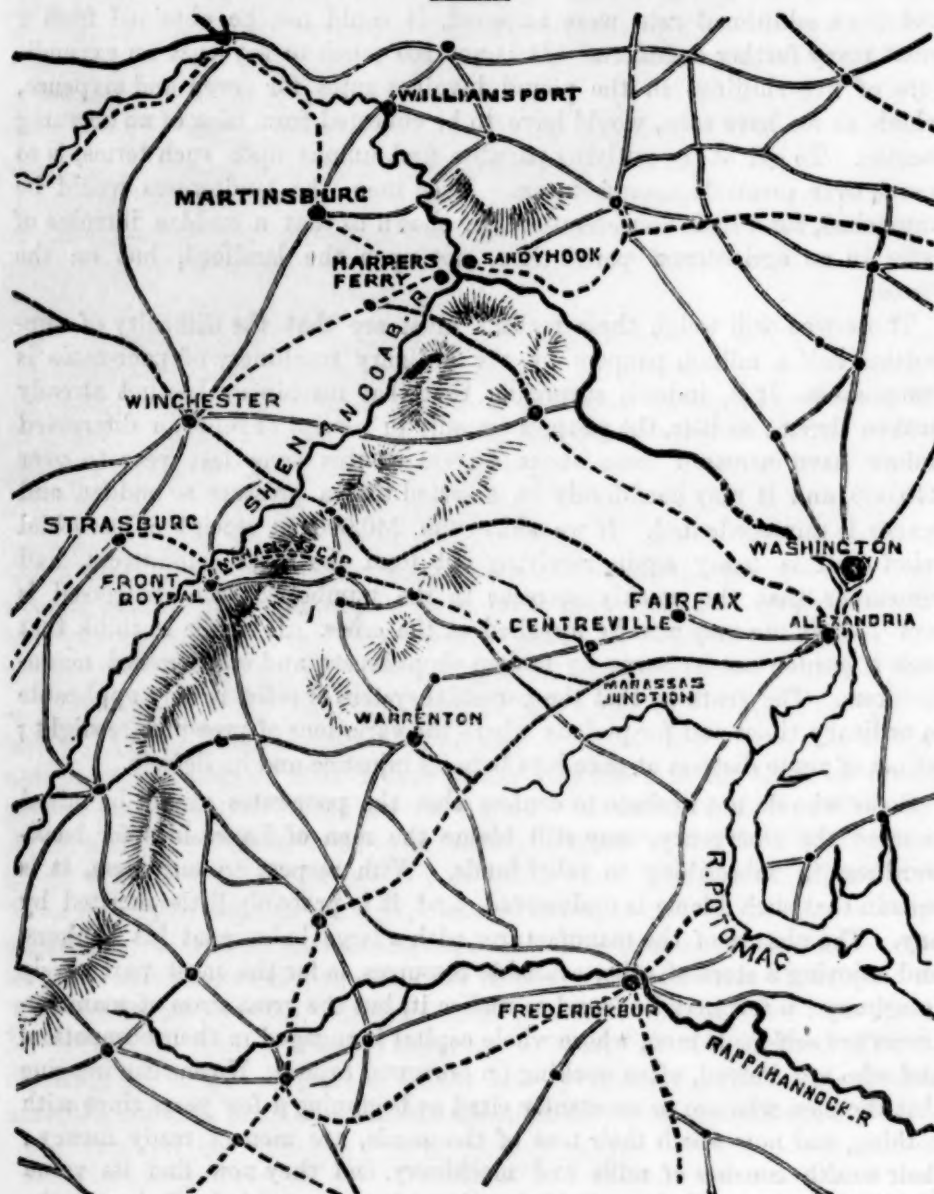
Some who do not hesitate to confess that the poor-rates cannot be raised to meet the emergency, may still blame the men of Lancashire for backwardness in subscribing to relief-funds. With respect to one class, it is certain that such blame is undeserved, and it is probably little merited by any. The picture of the manufacturer with a large balance at his bankers, and enjoying a store of other available resources, is for the most part purely imaginary; a few may be found to realize it, but the great mass of manufacturers are self-made men, whose whole capital is engaged in their occupation, and who are, indeed, often working on borrowed capital. No one can imagine that the men who are so constantly cited as beginning a few years since with nothing, and now worth their tens of thousands, are men of ready money; their wealth consists of mills and machinery, and they now find its value rapidly decaying. Their capital brings in no income, and is becoming worthless; and, on the other hand, they have obligations to meet which they cannot avoid. In spite, however, of the pressure upon themselves, there is overwhelming evidence that the manufacturers, as a class, are behaving nobly. Even if their names were not found on the subscription-lists, they might still be doing their duty, for, as Mr. Gladstone well said at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, that is not the place where they should be found. They have, however, subscribed, and they have done much more; the greater number of them have taken their own workmen in charge, and by weekly payments, by daily bread, and by supplies of clothing, have prevented them from becoming a burden to their impoverished neighbours. If any one will take the trouble to look over the facts detailed by Mr. Ross at Manchester, on Wednesday, he will see how unjust is the clamour which has been raised against them.

Perhaps the most flagrantly unjust part of Professor Kingsley's letter is a passage near the end of it. "Remember," he wrote, "that these Lancashire men have directly helped to cause the present distress by their determination to use exclusively slave-grown cotton, developing thereby alike slavery itself and the political power of the slave-owners." That the use of slave-grown cotton has caused the development of slavery and the slave power we hold to be certain, but to charge the wrong upon Lancashire in any sense in which it does not equally belong to all England is most unjust. Lancashire mill-owners (whom Mr. Kingsley here as elsewhere confounds with all Lancashire) used slave-grown cotton because it produced the best and cheapest fabrics, and they did so because Englishmen and Englishwomen would have the best and cheapest cotton goods, and were indifferent to the way in which the staple was obtained. There have not been wanting in Lancashire, spinners who worked up free-labour cotton, and buyers could at one time obtain their goods throughout the kingdom. Mr. Kingsley has, perhaps, confined himself to the use of such products, as he may deny himself the use of slave-grown coffee and slave-grown sugar, but we must confess to thinking that if it were so, he would not now charge upon the men of Lancashire, amongst all Englishmen, the special guilt of acting otherwise.

It is difficult to overrate the responsibility which is incurred by one who ventures to rush in, as Mr. Kingsley has done. He has checked the goodwill and benevolence of the south; nor can we hope that his evident ignorance has prevented in the north a feeling of exasperation against his

injustice. We can only hope that when knowledge and repentance visit him, he will learn a lesson of caution before he again essays to judge the motives of a large body of his fellow countrymen. He has great gifts, but they are not those of a political thinker; he is deficient in the calmness and judgment which are essential for such a part. Even his sympathies, which might keep him right, are quick and vehement, rather than broad or deep. He is a poet, and there are already too many examples to tell us that poets fare ill when they become demagogues.

THE PAST WEEK.



THE military intelligence from New York comes down to November 8th. In order to understand the movements of the contending armies, it is necessary to glance at the map. It will be remembered that, after General Lee retired from Maryland to the south side of the Potomac, General McClellan, whose head-quarters were at Harper's Ferry, made various reconnaissances in his front. By these means he ascertained that the mass of the Confederates were on the western or left bank of the Shenandoah River, the head-quarters of Lee being probably Winchester, which is said to be strongly fortified. But no estimate whatever has been made of the Southern army in this quarter. Now General McClellan's ultimate object is, of course, Richmond. How is he to reach that place? In the first place, he must drive back the enemy, either by defeating him in a pitched battle, or by manœuvring so as to compel him to retreat. The first plan McClellan has for the present declined; the second is that by which he hopes to accomplish his purpose.

It will be observed that Richmond is the base of operations of the Confederates; but between Winchester and Richmond lie the Shenandoah River and the Blue Ridge Mountains which border the right or eastern bank of that river. Moreover, it should be observed, that in this Blue Ridge there are at least seven passes through which an army can pass. First, about 7 miles south of Harper's Ferry, there is Vestal's Gap; second, about 24 miles from the ferry, there is Snicker's Gap, through which there is a regular turnpike road; third, there is, 14 miles farther south, Ashby's Gap; fourth, a few miles to the south there is Upperville Gap; fifth, 14 miles south of Ashby's there is Manassas Gap, through which the railroad passes; sixth, 8 miles further south, there is Chester Gap; and, seventh, 20 miles still further south, is Thornton Gap, through which the supplies from Gordonsville and Culpepper reach Winchester. Now McClellan has his head-quarters at Berlin, which is on the Potomac about 7 miles east of Harper's Ferry; whilst Burnside has his head-quarters at Lovettsville, some miles lower down the Potomac. McClellan, instead of attempting to drive back Lee by an attack in front, now appears to be executing a flank movement so as to compel his adversary to retire. Having crossed the Potomac at Berlin, he is advancing southward, his right flank being protected by the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah River. As he advances he seizes possession of the several gaps in the mountains to which we have referred. According to the latest accounts, Stonewall Jackson is said to be at Chester Gap. If McClellan should persevere in this movement, whilst Lee persists in holding the Shenandoah valley, there is no reason why McClellan should not get into his rear and cut off his supplies. On the other hand, unless McClellan is sufficiently strong, some one of the passes in the mountains may be forced, and he may be taken in flank and defeated, or his force may be so weakened by the detachments required to guard his right flank, that the head of his columns may be attacked after having advanced to some distance and routed.

But without knowing the numbers of the contending armies, such speculations are comparatively idle. Still, it is useful to point out the general principle upon which the campaign is now being conducted.

Since the above was written, we learn that McClellan has been deprived of his command, or has resigned it, and that he is superseded by General Burnside. We also learn that the Confederate army, under General Lee, has fallen back on Gordonsville.

The reply of our own Government to the French invitation to join in proposing a suspension of hostilities in America for six months, with a view to negotiations for peace, was printed last week in Friday night's *Gazette*. It consisted of a despatch from Earl Russell, dated November 13, to Earl Cowley, our Minister at Paris, in which he says: "After weighing all the information which has been received from America, her Majesty's Government are led to the conclusion that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposal suggested, and a refusal from Washington at present would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer. Her Majesty's Government think, therefore, that it would be better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if, as there appears reason to hope, it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo hereafter, any change, the three Courts might then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater prospect than now exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties." The *Moniteur* remarks upon this despatch, that it is "not a refusal, but an adjournment," and that while it renders full homage to the sentiments of the Emperor, and shows a lively desire to act with France, it points to the internal condition of the United States, as a reason for postponing the mediation which was proposed. "In fact," adds the *Moniteur*, "the manner in which an offer of good services may be taken into account in America deserves great consideration; but, if our information is correct, the hesitations of the Cabinets of London and of St. Petersburg are likely soon to terminate. A feeling prevails in America, in the North as well as in the South, desirous of peace, and that feeling gains ground daily." In support of this view of the supposed change of public opinion in America, the French official journal points to the elections which are now going on both for State Governors, or other State officials, and for members of the Federal Congress. In the city and State of New York, the "Democratic" party, whose champion is Mr. Horatio Seymour, and who vehemently oppose the policy of President Lincoln, more particularly in his promise of negro emancipation, and in the unconstitutional dictatorship he has established, seem to have gained a decided advantage over the "Republican" party, represented by General Wadsworth, which is that of the present Federal Administration, and pledged to the subjugation of the South, by any means or at any cost. The immediate result of the New York elections is, that the Democratic party have got a clear majority of 32,000 votes in the capital city, besides 8,000 in the suburb of Brooklyn, and of nearly 10,000 votes in the State. In the State of New Jersey, likewise, the Democratic candidate for governor has a majority of 10,000. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, Governor Andrews, the Republican, has been re-elected by a majority of 20,000 on the whole State returns, though he was in a minority in the city of Boston. It is asserted that the "Democrats," who also call themselves the "Conservative" party, taking for their motto "The Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is," will have a majority of from eleven to twenty votes in the new Congress; but as that assembly will not meet until December, 1863, the *Moniteur* is perhaps too hasty in reckoning upon its action to put a speedy end to the war.

There is little or no other political news this week, unless it be the publication of Earl Russell's despatch on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the Danish Government's reply to the German demands thereupon, which are commented upon by us, in a special article on that subject. Greece keeps quiet, and the elections are going on for the Constituent Assembly, or Convention, which is to decide the succession to the vacant throne. A demonstration in favour of Prince Alfred has taken place at Syra. The Italian Parliament has again met, and an attack upon the Rattazzi Ministry, led by Signor Boncompagni, of the Ricasol party, has been opened with much spirit. We refer to an article on the subject of French relations to Italy and the Roman question, which are now becoming more sharply defined.

The Queen is at Windsor, and the Prince of Wales comes home next week. Lord Palmerston has been elected the Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Mr. Gladstone has only spoken this week at a parish meeting of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, about the Lancashire distress. This matter has been the theme of much newspaper correspondence, and some recriminations between north and south; or rather we may say, that Mr. Kingsley, as the self-constituted advocate of "Wessex," has accused the manufacturing districts of shirking their due share of the burthen of pauperism.

A man was hanged at the Old Bailey on Monday morning, Robert Cooper, housepainter by trade, and deserter from a cavalry regiment, who was convicted of the murder of a poor girl at Isleworth, after having seduced her and committed bigamy with her. The master chimney-sweep, Gardner, who is under sentence for the murder of his wife, is respited, on account of some doubts which have been raised as to the evidence of his guilt.

Two men named Crowther and Goodburn, lately in the employ of Messrs. Seton Laing and Merridew, chemical brokers, of Mincing-lane, the one as market clerk with a salary of £500, and the other as book-keeper with £400 a year, are charged with conspiring to defraud that firm, by opening an account with one Barber, their accomplice, who thus got credit to the value of £7,000. The examination of the men concerned in the Bank of England forgeries, and robberies of bank-note paper, is still proceeding.

Reviews of Books.

CAVOUR AS A LEGISLATOR.*

THE fruitful statesmanship of Cavour is but half appreciated if we look upon him only since 1859, as the author of a justifiable war of conquest for the sake of liberation, or as the founder of Italian unity by his masterly

* *Œuvre Parlementaire du Comte de Cavour. Traduite et Annotée par Isaac Artom et Albert Blanc. Paris: J. Hetzel.*

dealing with the revolutions which ensued. His claim to rank with the greatest men who have helped to work out the political regeneration of Europe in our time was earned by his administration of the small kingdom of Sardinia long before his diplomatic bargain at Plombières, when he borrowed the military power of the French Empire, and before his counsels were enlarged by that enthusiastic resolve of an awakened nation which overthrew the other Italian States. If he had never done anything better than inducing the meddlesome possessor of many legions to break up the Austrian dominion of Italy, and then contriving to *exploiter* the sudden ruin of five or six dependent principalities for the aggrandisement of Victor Emmanuel's realm, he would scarcely have stood so high as he will in the judgment of history, whatever profit might actually have resulted from an intriguing policy to the realization of national independence. In the esteem of his contemporaries, as usual, success would have justified his conduct; yet he might have passed for the popular and liberal, the patriotic and beneficent Machiavelli of a humane and decent age. He had gained a laudable object by means, perhaps, allowable in the broadest view of public duty, yet which, violating the reputed obligations of sovereign States towards each other, might be reproved by that conventional diplomatic morality, often so perverse and fallacious, which regulates the comity of governments without regard to the rights or interests of the people. Indeed, the steps which have led so rapidly, in the last three or four years, to the emancipation and union of the Italian provinces, were such a bold invasion of the established code of European politics, that it might have been expected that the Conservative sentiment, still prevailing in every country not yet weaned from monarchical traditions by the abuses of despotism, would have severely condemned this enterprise, although necessitated by the emergency, and evidently beneficial in its result. It need not be observed that foreign statesmen were only compelled to give their assent to the *fait accompli* by the confessed impotence of continental absolutism to defeat it, and by the hopelessness of a Holy Alliance in the present divided and discredited condition of the despotic courts. But the English Tories, for their part, have hardly yet condoned this audacious rupture of the diplomatic precepts and territorial provisions of 1814; may, the English Whig Ministers, who frankly testified to the substantial rightfulness and utility of the Italian Revolution, withheld their express approval from those acts of Count Cavour's government, by which it was brought to pass.

Cavour himself had perhaps looked forward to the time when, in the pursuit of his daring and magnificent Italian policy, he would be called upon to brave the censures of European opinion; and when, for himself, his king, and his country, he would need to appeal to the previous high character which he strove to establish by a consistent example of good government. By this course of improvement at home, he at the same time developed the material wealth and the moral energies of Piedmont; he finished the political education of a part of the Italian race; and he created a model State, whose prosperous and dignified possession of freedom was to attract the hopes and affections of the other Italian populations, while it qualified her to stand erect in the company of the great European Powers, and to protest against the aggressions of Austria. All this he did, in the course of six or seven years, in spite of manifold difficulties and dangers, both from without and from within. By legislative reforms, soundly planned, and lucidly expounded in parliamentary debate, he instructed his colleagues and his fellow-citizens, while he amended the economy of the State. Besides at once conducting with marvellous activity the business of several departments of the administration, and making his extensive social intercourse and his private correspondence subserve the object of his public life, he became the teacher, the guiding intelligence of his country in applying the principles of social and political welfare. All these labours were inspired by the single purpose of rendering Piedmont worthy to be the nucleus of a regenerated Italy. That object he just lived to attain, sinking to his death in the festive days when the streets of Turin resounded with the acclamations of the new Italian kingdom. The epic of a great man's life, wholly devoted to one high achievement, seems fitly closed by the consummation of his task; and to raise up Piedmont among the States of Europe, and thereby to fix on Piedmont the confidence and attachment of the Italians, was the proper task of Cavour. It was reserved, perhaps, for some other Minister, who may not be a Piedmontese, to fulfil their historic aspirations by crowning united Italy with Rome.

The personal interest, however, which belongs to that illustrious career which ended last year, was dwelt upon by us in a notice of De la Rive's "Reminiscences" of his life and character, about two months ago. A selection of Cavour's Parliamentary speeches, edited with notes by M. Arton and M. Albert Blanc, each of whom, at one time or another, acted as his private secretary, has now been published in French. It would be no less interesting as an historical than as a biographical study, to review the acts of his spirited and sagacious policy, as Minister of Sardinia for ten years before that State came to be merged in the kingdom of Italy, and the wise maxims which he was wont to inculcate upon the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies at Turin. It will not be forgotten that the little Parliament of that little kingdom, of which he was the leader, almost alone on the Continent kept alive the practices of constitutional government during the sullen decade of years of reaction, which followed the abortive republicanism of 1848. After the collapse and downfall of the parliamentary system in France, and the speedy extinction of those democratic assemblies which sprang up and withered, or were crushed out beneath the rule of autocracy from Petersburg to Paris and to the extremity of the Italian Peninsula, it seemed for a time as though all hope of political progress in Europe were lost for this generation. There was, beyond the English Channel, hardly any State to be found where public opinion could express itself, much less influence the management of State affairs. In Paris, which had once, after 1831, given its tone to Continental Liberalism, a raw and rampant Despotism, allied with the Ultramontane prelacy, was shamelessly exulting over the destruction of the parliamentary régime. To us in England—holding as we do that the only security for good government is in an administration fairly responsible to the elect representatives of the Commonwealth, a legislature based upon permanent social interests, independent of the sovereign's caprice—the prospect all over Europe looked very gloomy indeed. It was, therefore, with much solicitude that we watched the progress of reforms wrought out by parliamentary action in Sardinia, under the Ministry

of Massimo d'Azeglio, of which Cavour was the most efficient member, in 1850 and 1851, and under Cavour's own Presidency for two or three years immediately before the Russian war. Among the measures devised and advocated by him, as we find in this volume, are several which drew our attention to the debates and votes of the Turin Chambers at that early period,—long before we could anticipate the late expansion of that small constitutional kingdom into a first-rate Power, which may hereafter succeed, as we hope, to the mission that France has forfeited at least for a time,—that of teaching the Continental nations "how to live."

We can but notice here very briefly, and rather by way of refreshing the memory upon those events, two or three instances of the liberal domestic policy of Sardinia, preceding the revival of the Italian question. Nothing contributed more to gain popularity amongst ourselves for Victor Emmanuel's government, as shown by the addresses with which he was greeted on his visit to London in 1855, than the fearless attitude it had already taken up with regard to the Papal hierarchy, and its resolute perseverance in legal and social reforms denounced by the Church. The part which Cavour had taken in those measures was perhaps not so well understood. The famous Siccardi law, to abolish the privilege of immunity for the clergy from the ordinary civil and criminal jurisdiction, as well as the privilege of asylum in churches and convents, was proposed in 1850, before Cavour entered the Ministry, but his speech in its favour, which we read in this volume, helped much to strengthen the Government on that occasion. He especially insisted on the futility of waiting, after negotiations already too long protracted with the Papal Court at Gaeta, for its assent to reforms which the interests of civilisation demanded, and which the country expected as the substantial fruits of parliamentary legislation. He declared that it was a worse scandal to the Church when criminals, under the garb of the priesthood, were allowed to escape legal punishment, than that they should be punished by sentence of the ordinary tribunals; and he related a case within his own experience of a convent at Ventimiglia, in which a common culprit had taken refuge, being surrounded, for a month or more, by the police-officers and gendarmes, watching to arrest him when he came out. It could not be imputed to Count Cavour, who at that time sat and voted with the Conservative party in the Chamber, that he entertained a hostile feeling towards the clergy. He had, on the grounds of liberty of conscience and liberty of association, opposed the forcible expulsion of the Jesuits and some other religious orders, when it was mooted in 1848. He had already declared that he would never be a party to the confiscation of Church property, believing, as he repeated more emphatically ten years later, that to preserve a celibate clergy from becoming an unpatriotic and anti-social caste, it ought to have a stake in the soil. His ruling principle, however, with regard to these matters, was to clear the civil power, as much as possible, of all interference with Church affairs. Thus he rejected the institution of a stipendiary clergy, because, as he said in 1858, it might reduce the parish curates to be the servile tools of the administration, and lead to a political despotism. Upon a proposal to subject theological professorships in the colleges to Government inspection, he showed the same aversion to increasing the patronage and power of the State by allowing it to meddle with religion. In short, he consistently professed, from the beginning of his political career, that principle of "A Free Church in a Free State," the perfect realization of which he finally offered to the Papal See, as a compensation for surrendering the temporal sovereignty of Rome. He nevertheless asserted the right of the Legislature to deal with all the interests of civil society; and resented with unfailing spirit all episcopal encroachments on the royal prerogative, or violations of the law of the land. One of his very first acts, when he became Prime Minister in 1852, was to introduce a bill for legalizing civil marriages, and taking the registration out of the hands of the parish clergy. That bill, unfortunately, failed to pass the Upper House; but Cavour, when speaking for it, propounded an unanswerable objection to those clerical orators who made it a case of conscience,—that the dogmas of the Catholic Church could not well forbid in Italy that which they tolerate in Belgium and in France. The contest, however, was waged more acrimoniously than ever by the Papal Court and the Jesuits against the Sardinian Government after the Act of 1855, for the suppression of monasteries and convents, excepting those charged with missionary, scholastic, or charitable offices. It will be recollected that this was the measure by sanctioning which King Victor Emmanuel brought down upon his head the spiritual censures of the Vatican, a sort of foretaste of the excommunication to befall him in 1860; and the deaths of his mother, wife, and brother, a few weeks after the passing of the bill, were piously ascribed to Divine vengeance for preferring the counsels of his Parliament to those of the Pope. These circumstances give a particular interest to Cavour's speeches on that occasion, several of which are included here. He took care to explain that the Government did not mean to restrict in any way the right of persons to associate in monastic life, but only to prescribe the limits within which such associations might enjoy the privileges of a corporate body in the possession of real estate. Eighteen thousand monks in so small a country as Piedmont was truly an enormous proportion; the mendicant orders were fatal to habits of industry amongst the people, and it was desirable, for the encouragement of agriculture, to diminish the extent of land in mortmain. But this was no measure of confiscation; the property taken from convents and monasteries was reserved to form an Ecclesiastical Fund, and applied, instead of an annual subsidy formerly paid by the State, to augment the stipends of the poorer parochial clergy. Those religious bodies which employed themselves in teaching were maintained intact, being, in Cavour's opinion, the useful auxiliaries of that popular education which was insufficiently provided for, as yet, by the municipalities and by the State; while as for the Sisters of Charity, and others engaged in the visitation of the sick and relief of the poor, he declared that they did honour to the Catholic religion, and that, in England and in other Protestant countries, he had heard such institutions warmly praised. These instances, without referring to some well-known passages of his private life, suffice to prove that the great Italian Minister by no means deserved to be held up to the execration of Catholics as a foe to their Church, in whose communion he lived and died. They show, what more concerns our regard for his memory, that he knew, far better than M. Montalembert, or even the Protestant M. Guizot, how to reconcile political with religious freedom.

If we had space to examine another group of these parliamentary discussions, we should take those which relate to free trade, which was one of the

earliest objects of Cavour's prolific legislation in the Sardinian, as it was the topic on which one of his latest and most instructive speeches was delivered in the Italian Parliament. We regret, however, to find that the editors of this volume have omitted that speech in May, 1861, on the extension of the Sardinian tariff to the newly annexed provinces of Naples and Sicily. It is most interesting to follow the series of adroit negotiations by which, as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in 1851, he managed to conclude with England, Belgium, and France, a set of treaties virtually abolishing the old protectionist system in the Sardinian States, and by the exhibition of their immediate advantages, to recommend all those changes, one after another, to the approval of the Chamber, until, having divided the hostile interests, and overcome their opposition in detail, he was able triumphantly to declare that the country had bound itself completely to that sound commercial policy which he, as a professed disciple of Sir Robert Peel, had constantly advocated by speech and pen. We cannot, however, dwell more at length on these brilliant incidents in the past history of a petty kingdom which now itself belongs to the past. Nor is it within our present scope to remark upon the events, still fresh in our memory, of which Cavour availed himself,—the alliance of the Western Powers against Russia; the Congress of Paris, with its discussions of the state of Italy; the exposure of Papal and Neapolitan misrule; the Orsini plot, and the menacing attitude of Austria—to invite the Franco-Italian war of 1859. There is not much added by this publication to our former acquaintance with what he had spoken and written upon those events. In preferring to turn back to his earlier and less celebrated performances, our design was to remind the reader of contemporary history, that Cavour, as the Reforming Minister of Piedmont, would still have been reckoned one of the best of the ablest and wisest of statesmen, if "the Italian question" had never come in his way. Piedmont and Italy, and all Europe, may well deplore the loss of that mighty and nimble intelligence, that courageous and benignant energy, which toiled industriously and dared adventurously for the advancement of a country, small, weak, and obscure, till he bade it work for greatness.

And it must be recorded to the honour of England, that the man who thus made Piedmont the model and corner-stone of a future and fairer Italy, was fond of owning that he had learned his noble art of forming and ruling a nation of free citizens from the example of our own. This observation is to us a source of natural pleasure, for which alone it might be worth while to peruse his speeches; while, though to English politicians there is little novelty in their arguments and general views, it is still delightful to follow the swift and sure march of his practical reasoning, and to imagine him as he spoke, when the glowing daylight of fresh conviction shone upon his ample forehead. It is yet more gratifying to perceive how often he would point to the happiest experiments of English statesmanship, and quote the acts or opinions of Pitt and Peel, of Canning, Grey, and Russell, as vouching for the expediency of a just and liberal course. With the same feeling we may publish this extract from a letter to one of his English admirers, in which he says:—"Taking the institutions of free England for her pattern, Upper Italy has been enabled to introduce into her government the guarantees of constitutional liberty, and to find in them the fulcrum point that was required for the raising up of our national life."

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

In the volume now before us, Professor Craik has endeavoured not only to convey a mass of facts, but also to inspire his diffuse and accurate knowledge with a manifest pervading idea. There is a general unity about the work which altogether vindicates it from the charge of being a mere compilation or catalogue. It is, in fact, almost entirely a reproduction, in a smaller compass, of the larger work which the author has recently published on the same subject. The book claims to be intended primarily for the use of schools and colleges, and for candidates in competitive examinations; but it would be palpably unjust to weigh Dr. Craik in the balance which this view would at once suggest. If, indeed, young students will read, learn, and inwardly digest what the author is able to teach them, they will most certainly have done a good work, and one which will thoroughly repay them in after-life; but, while examinations are what they are, Professor Craik's facts are not sufficiently disconnected and individualized, nor his criticisms flashy and superficial enough to make him widely popular in the way of "cram." We speak of things as they are, not as they ought to be; and we prefer thinking of this history as addressed in the main to those who, with little time and leisure on their hands, yet read, when they are able, for the sake of a deeper education than is often to be found in the college lecture-room, or than is promoted by the existing calibre of examinations. Such persons will find in this manual not only the materials of thought, but a method of thinking. The subject is well adapted for treatment as a whole by one whose years of enlightened study have qualified for the undertaking; and it is in its broad philosophical grasp, rather than in the mere accumulation of details, that the value of Dr. Craik's work chiefly consists.

Ordinary readers will be at once struck with the large relative amount of space expended in discussing the origin and formation of our language, and the several stages of mediæval literature. But, indeed, the rise of the English language is so remarkable in itself, and so well prefigures the power of assimilation inherent in the national mind, and which is always developing itself in the national literature, that no student who is tempted to linger round its cradle will regret the waste of his labour. Of no other existing European tongue is the history so perfect, both in its origin and development. For twelve hundred years we have a continuous succession of written remains, no two of which, standing next to one another in the order of time, could possibly be pronounced to belong to different languages. Some of these documents, containing laws, charters, &c., are, of course, not literature; but, from the translations of Alfred to the "Idylls of the King," the stream of literary composition has never been totally interrupted, except during the desolating Wars of the Roses. Professor Craik treats of the language under

three broad divisions, which are perfectly clear and intelligible. First comes the original or pure English, commonly called Anglo-Saxon, which has the obvious distinction of being inflected in its grammar; then the second English broken into a *patois* by the first action of the Norman Conquest; and thirdly, the composite English, which, with various modifications, but no revolution, survives to our own day, and of which Chaucer's works are the most famous early representative. There has been no sudden conversion from one form to another, but the distinction is not the less real between the various forms on account of the impossibility of drawing an exact and definite line between them. As in the rainbow, the difference of colours is there, though no eye can discern with accuracy their respective boundaries. The movement, in fact, though now faster, now slower, has been immense; and this movement is what Aristotle would have called the *ἐπέγεια* of a language; it is that functional activity without which its life can be in no sense perfect. In the words of Professor Craik:—

"No language ever ceases to move until it becomes what is called dead, which term, although commonly understood to mean merely that the language has ceased to be spoken, really signifies, here as elsewhere, that the life is gone out of it, which is indeed the unfeeling accompaniment of its ceasing to be used as an oral medium of communication. It cannot grow after that, even if it should still continue, to a certain extent, to be used in writing, as has been the case with the Sanscrit in the East and the Latin in the West, except perhaps as the hair and the nails are said sometimes to grow after the animal body is dead. It is only speaking that keeps a language alive; writing alone will not do it. That has no more than a conservative function and effect; the progressive power, the element of fermentation and change, in a language is its vocal utterance."

Thus the history of this movement becomes, in the hands of Professor Craik, the history of a living organism, not that of a dead machine with separate compartments. Even the driest details appeal in some degree to the imagination, and the reader in tracing the childhood, youth, and manhood of one of the noblest forms of that instrument of thought which fixes so deep a gulf between the human species and all other animals, can scarcely fail to find his heart burn within him at the not uncertain intimation that the intellectual past of our country involves in no slight degree the future of the world. Through the atmosphere of an excusable patriotism, the general destiny of the English language is even now discernible. Dividing with Italian the Hellenic heirloom of beauty, it possesses at the same time much of the hard critical strength of Latin, and of the deep spirituality of German. Its very power of incorporation, apart from the value of its original produce, seems to point it out as the natural vehicle for transmitting the civilization of Europe to after ages. Considered from this point of view, much interest attaches to Professor Craik's sifting analysis of the language into its several elements; but to accompany him in it would be beyond our limits. There are questions involved in the discussion, concerning which able philologists may as yet consent to differ; but for the general reader the account given is clear, succinct, and reliable.

We have already intimated that Professor Craik treats the earlier period of English letters in a vivid and essentially instructive manner. But, after all, we doubt whether it is in the power of man to beguile an unprofessional reader into a perusal of the "Ormulum, or the Brut of Layamon." The literature, of which these may be considered as specimens, possesses an historical rather than a literary value. The culmination of the glory of English letters is contained in the period that commenced with Chaucer and ended with Milton; and in the history given of this era there is not a single page which any reader of intelligence can pronounce dull. With regard to Chaucer himself, Professor Craik supports on the whole the views of pronunciation so ably enforced by Tyrwhitt, and which at any rate possess the merit of furnishing us with an intelligible system of versification. We would gladly, if space would admit, accompany the author in his criticisms of all the great poets who trace their inspiration more or less directly from the great bard whom Spenser characterizes as the "well of English undefiled." It is in this portion of his work that Professor Craik is most enthusiastic and most interesting. Wishing to present him to our readers at his best, we instinctively turn to this section of the history. But where all is so good it is not easy to choose. On the whole, perhaps, we cannot do better than extract some of his remarks about Chaucer. The following sentences were first written several years ago; but they are appropriately introduced in the present work, and the Professor himself evidently repeats them with a pardonable relish.

"We have some higher poetry than Chaucer's—poetry that has more of a character of a revelation, or a voice from another world; we have none in which there is either a more abounding or a more bounding spirit of life, a truer or fuller natural inspiration. He may be said to verify, in another sense, the remark of Bacon, that what we commonly call antiquity was really the growth of the world. His poetry seems to breathe of a time when humanity was younger and more joyous-hearted than it now is. Undoubtedly he had an advantage as to this matter, in having been the first great poet of the country. Occupying this position, he stands in some degree between each of his successors and nature. The sire of a nation's minstrelsy is of necessity, though it may be unconsciously, regarded by all who come after him as almost a portion of nature—as one whose utterances are not so much the echo of hers as in very deed her own living voice, carrying in them a spirit as original and divine as the music of her running brooks, or of her breezes among the leaves. And there is not wanting something of reason in this idolatry. It is he alone who has conversed with Nature directly, and without an interpreter—who has looked upon the glory of her countenance unveiled, and received upon his heart the perfect image of what she is. Succeeding poets, by reason of his intervention, and that imitation of him into which, in a greater or less degree, they are of necessity drawn, see her only, as it were, wrapt in hazy and metamorphosing adornments, which human hands have woven for her, and are prevented from perfectly discerning the outline and the movements of her form by that encumbering investiture. They are the fallen race, who have been banished from the immediate presence of the divinity, and have been left only to conjecture from afar off the brightness of that majesty which sits throned to them behind impenetrable clouds: he is the First Man, who has seen God walking in the garden, and communed with him face to face."

These singularly suggestive observations are followed by some very stirring remarks on the character and effect of Chaucer's poetry, which vividly recall the ring of his verse to those who are familiar with the "Canterbury Tales,"

* A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language. By George L. Craik, LL.D. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co. 1862.
A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical. By Thomas Arnold, B.A. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

and which, to those who are unacquainted with them—if any such there be—are likely to give as true an idea of their inexhaustible freshness as a mere critical description can possibly convey.

It is of course not to be expected that a book treating of so wide and comprehensive a subject should not sometimes clash with the reasonable or unreasonable prejudices of its readers. Not even Dr. Craik can be, so to speak, equally *up* in every author whom he undertakes to criticize. Readers who do not possess one thousandth part of his erudition may yet happen to know a little more of some particular period, or at all events of some individual poet or philosopher, than the writer who professes to instruct them. Such readers, when they are inclined to differ from the estimate presented to them, may be led to complain, occasionally, of something like a tone of dogmatism which is seldom, however, so cold and ungenial as some of the remarks of Hallam in his "Literature of Europe." For instance, it is a little annoying to those who are familiar with the exceeding beauty and the remarkable individuality of the genius of George Herbert to find him dismissed, in a few lines, as a mere imitator of Donne; even though such dismissal is accompanied with the sentence of eminently true criticism, borrowed from Coleridge, that the quaintness of Herbert lies in his thoughts, not in the mode of their expression. His language is, in fact, as far removed from quaintness as may be conceived; and if he is ever destined to have an editor who will take pains to rectify the miserable punctuation to be found in all the popular editions, and which too often amounts to a false reading, he will be intelligible in nearly every line with the greatest ease. Again, one is at a loss to comprehend why a versifier like Darwin, whose one merit is a cold metallic polish, altogether destitute of fire, should be honoured with more space than Collins, Shenstone, and Gray taken together, and be further dignified with a quotation, while men far better than he are excluded from the privilege. Once or twice a popular belief is, we think, rather too contemptuously trampled upon. It is too great a shock for any one who has relied on Macaulay's estimate, which we admit to be exaggerated enough, of the results of the Baconian philosophy, to be suddenly told that the "Novum Organum" has effected about as much for the advancement of modern science as the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. Such a statement ought to rest on something more than a passing assertion, and its calm iconoclastic tone is scarcely compensated by the justice otherwise rendered to the genius of the great Chancellor. It may be that Professor Craik has satisfactorily proved his theorem in the work he has published on Bacon and his philosophy; but, in this instance, the general reader is required to accept as an axiom a doctrine which is, to say the least, widely at variance with the vulgar creed. One is also disposed to cavil at the total omission of Lord Macaulay in a string of names belonging to the present era of literature, especially when we find mention made of Sir Archibald Alison. This, however, may be a mere oversight, and is certainly of no practical importance; the general plan of the work excluding any but the most perfunctory reference to writers of our own generation. These and similar sins may, perhaps, here and there give rise to some dissatisfaction; but it would be unfair to attribute any real weight to such grievances. The serious urging of complaints of this kind implies, in fact, an incorrect appreciation of what the reader is entitled to demand. Infallible justice of detail must not, as a rule, be rigorously exacted from those who display the far higher merit of a broad, self-accordant, and philosophic unity of conception. If such a work as the present is to be the work of one man, as it must be,—if it is to furnish any true idea of the history of English literature as a whole—it is simply a physical impossibility that the author can have studied with equal completeness all the separate ramifications of his subject. We must add one word in testimony of Professor Craik's power of apt illustration. He is continually elucidating his matter by the production of some happy figure, and clothing his criticisms with some vividly dramatic explanation. It may be questioned, however, whether his extreme facility in coining such similitudes does not sometimes betray him into an unnecessary accumulation of them.

We have left ourselves but little space for the notice of the work by Mr. Thomas Arnold. He expressly disavows any claim to that profound research which is so conspicuous in Professor Craik, but he has certainly succeeded in presenting an intelligible and connected view of at least the more popular portion of our literature. His method of treatment is twofold, the first division of the book being historical, and the second critical. Facility of reference is indubitably promoted by this plan, and it possesses other advantages for casual readers in search of information. Mr. Arnold's criticisms are very pleasant and genial reading; and we discover in them an undercurrent of that earnestness which pervaded everything written by his father. The volume contains the substance of lectures delivered in the Catholic University of Ireland; but though Mr. Arnold occasionally diverges for a moment, as was natural in a lecture-room, into topics of a more or less controversial character—such, for instance, as the sincerity of Dryden's conversion to Romanism, or of the liberal tendencies of Bishop Jeremy Taylor—a microscopic jealousy alone can discern anything sectarian in the spirit of his remarks. There is one point in which we think that he fairly surpasses Professor Craik, and that is, the transparency and attractiveness of the mere style of writing, considered apart from the matter itself, and the manner of treatment. This is a great merit. It is true that the more learned author can afford to dispense with the minor graces of literary composition, and still remain effective, but Mr. Arnold has done wisely in attending to them. It would be difficult to convey, in a more interesting form, such information as every well-educated English gentleman ought to possess respecting the literature of his country.

In conclusion, we cannot help observing, that any large view of the higher poetical produce of a language is fatal to the theory which was rampant a few years ago, that poets ought to seek for inspiration in the distinctive characteristics of their age. The triumphs of geology, and the electric telegraph, and Armstrong guns, are not poetry; but the passions and aspirations of the human heart are; and these are the same in every age. So long as these are exhibited in a faithful and moving manner, it signifies little whether the poet draws upon the past or the present for the subject of his song. The objective works of man may have an incidental place in poetry; but it is from the contemplation of man himself, man in his eternal nature, apart from the circumstances of any particular epoch, that the true divine essence is to be extracted.

THE TAEPING REBELLION.*

We can pay this volume no higher compliment than to say that it is in every sense worthy of the vast subjects with which it deals, and that the various problems suggested by the present phase of Chinese society are discussed in it with the good sense, carefulness, and liberality that their importance and interest demand. Commander Brine was for four years serving in Chinese waters, partly in the navigable rivers of the south, partly on gunboat service in the north; and he had during that time good opportunities, which he seems to have turned to the best account, of gaining an insight into the national character of the sea-board populations, and of collecting materials for some rational conjecture as to the future of that extraordinary movement which has been for years past convulsing the empire, and which shows at present so few symptoms of any tendency to a settlement. The marvellous rapidity with which China, for so many centuries an inscrutable mystery to the outside world, has of late years yielded to the inquisitiveness of Western travellers and the importunities of Western commerce, is the best excuse for the wildly erroneous notions which still continue to be entertained in Europe as to its past history, and the condition of its present inhabitants. Less than twenty years ago the English with difficulty obtained the rocky little island of Hong Kong, at the extremity of the empire, and were allowed, subject to many indignities and not a little danger, to conduct a precarious traffic at five seaports. The interior of the country was a sealed book, and Japan almost unknown. At present we have free access alike to the most remote portions of the kingdom and to the harbours of Japan; ten seaports of China are thrown open to our trade; the Yang-tse-kiang, the main artery of internal communication, is at our command; and religious toleration of the most complete kind is enjoyed by the emissaries of the various persuasions, who are sanguine enough to regard China as a hopeful field of labour. Nor has England been alone in her activity. Russia, with her settlements on the Amoor, has been gradually creeping southward, and has obtained a first-rate naval position opposite to Japan; while the expedition of the French to Cochin China has resulted in their permanent establishment on the southern sea-board, and their occupation of a harbour, which may some day prove of the highest commercial importance. Commander Brine points out that as the trade of the Pacific, now in its infancy, gradually assumes larger dimensions; as Australia, New Zealand, and the host of Eastern islands come to be densely inhabited; and the thousands of square miles of coal-field in Northern and Central China begin to attract the attention of capitalists, and the labour of the most laborious people in existence; these Chinese coasts will probably present a spectacle of activity, wealth, and rapid development, such as is at present to be seen only in the great centres of European commerce. China can no longer stand aloof from the community of nations, and the interest which she excites is no longer the mere speculative curiosity of the philosopher, anxious to ground some theological theory upon her history, or to point out her teeming myriads of hard-worked, energetic, and light-hearted materialists as the last and least ennobling phase of human society. In Commander Brine's pages they no longer appear the mere soulless, indifferent, atheistical automata, which the ordinary accounts of less intelligent travellers have represented them. "I found them," he says, "laborious, intelligent, truthful, easily commanded, and when properly armed and led, courageous. They have also the power of endurance to a remarkable degree;" and the ready versatility with which the nation is exchanging the traditional implements of warfare for Enfield rifles and heavy artillery, is a very significant proof that the sublime contempt of foreign inventions, so long the typical characteristic of the Chinese mind, has at length received its death-blow, and their extraordinary faculties of imitation will soon bring the greatest refinements of European science within their reach. In visiting the Taku forts in 1860 the author was greatly struck with the immense progress effected in the space of two years, and with the ingenuity displayed in the newly-adopted arrangements for gun-carriages, shell-fuses, and powder magazines. The main key to the many of the unexplained portions of the national character, and especially to the sort of apathy with which all but the lowest and practical interests are regarded, is the universal dread of distress. "In judging of the Chinese," says the author, "it should never be forgotten how fearful is the struggle for daily existence. The entire produce of the land is but just capable of supporting the population. Millions have no other thought save that of obtaining by toil sufficient to ward off starvation from themselves and their families." Hence arises the incessant hurry observable in all Chinese thoroughfares, and the feverish anxiety of manner, which is naturally attendant upon a consciousness of calamity being ever close at hand. They are, fortunately, light-hearted, but are too hard-worked to be romantic. Part of this high-pressure system consists in series of public examinations, which it is the doom of every young Chinaman to undergo, and which exercise an extraordinary influence throughout every class of society.

"In every district," says the author, "in every village they form the principal topic of conversation, and the chief aim for the ambition of all the aspiring inhabitants. The titles obtained by the successful candidate prove this. A youth leaves his village home, and repairs to the district town to undergo his trial. He is then said 'to have a name in the village.' Success at the next examination entitles him to 'a name in the department.' The parents and neighbours discuss in the quiet evenings the failures or fulfilments of their children, and the prospects of advancement open to them. Of what moment is it to them who it is that rules, provided that he has power to distribute rewards, and the good faith to make merit alone the test for qualification?"

Hence it is that the great dread of the Chinese is anything like an interregnum; one dynasty or another is accepted with equal alacrity, or rather equal indifference, so long as the examinations are kept open, the regular distribution of public offices and honours allowed to proceed. In the lowest ranks the great struggle is to secure sufficiently good instruction, and allow the child frequent enough opportunities of competition to give him a chance of ultimate success. It is a curious fact that Hung-siu-t sien, the founder of the sect who now form the nucleus and the moving power of the rebellion, was repeatedly unable to pass the necessary degree, and that his failures on these occasions seem to have contributed very largely towards driving him into

* The Taeping Rebellion in China. A Narrative of its Rise and Progress. By Commander Lindesay Brine, R.N., F.R.G.S. Murray, Albemarle-street. 1862.

that morbid and ecstatic condition which resulted in the hallucinations to which a divine origin is now assigned. The mechanism of the examinations appears to be cleverly arranged. The whole population is gradually sifted through a course of trials, beginning at each man's native village and ending in a triennial examination at the capital of the province; the system of "pluck" appears to be carried out with a remorseless determination, strange, as yet, we are happy to think, to the breasts of our own academical inquisitors. Upon one occasion, in the trials for the first degree, in two provinces near Canton, out of 4,000 competitors, only thirteen were successful in the one case, and fourteen in the other. Still more terrific is the "licentiate's degree." For this, in old times, sometimes as many as 20,000 candidates would present themselves at Nankin, and the privilege be accorded to less than 200. At Canton the examinations are conducted in a hall, divided, for economy of space, into a number of tiny cells, in which the unfortunate victims are immured till their trial is over, and in which they are expected to devote two days and a night to the composition of a set of themes, upon which the mandarins and two special imperial commissioners sent from Peking proceed to pronounce judgment, and which decide the precise position in the public service to which the candidate may consider himself entitled.

Nothing can be more curious than Commander Brine's history of the several attempts of Catholic and Protestant missionaries to Christianize China, of the early life of Hung-siu-tsien, and of the progress of that strange movement, to which he gave the primary impulse. Christianity, as some inscriptions discovered in 1625 attest, was introduced into China as early as 636, and the Nestorians laboured for 700 years to advance the doctrines of their sect, until they and their proselytes were absolutely swept away by the advancing tide of Buddhism. From a very early period the Catholic Church directed its attention to this vast field of operations, and from St. Francis Xavier to the present has contended with intermittent, and, on the whole, very inadequate success against the dead weight of opposition on the part of the Government, the persecution of officials, and the indifference of the people. The Protestant Missions, however, now recently established, though equally unfruitful in proselytes, have conferred an incalculable benefit upon the nation by the introduction of a rational and merciful system of hospital practice, previously utterly unknown; and the Jesuits have left behind them a splendid monument of diligence, ingenuity, and perseverance. In 1708 a small body of priests, by command of the Emperor Kang-hi, undertook the vast task of surveying and mapping the Empire; they divided the several districts among themselves, and after a lapse of nine years, were able to collect their various observations into a whole. More than 1,200,000 square miles of territory were thus triangulated and mapped, and about 400,000 in extra-provincial Tartary and that region were roughly surveyed, and the researches of modern travellers only tend to confirm the general belief in the fidelity and truthfulness with which this giant labour was executed. At present no creed seems to be making any material advance, and the enormous calamities which threaten every portion of the Empire must probably give way to some new phase, before any missionary enterprise can be undertaken with the least prospect of success. Commander Brine offers several important suggestions as to the manner in which so disastrous a dispute may eventually be settled. "The Tien-wang" at present at the head of the rebel host has at his command, for the purposes of enforcing taxation, a district of not less than 30,000 square miles, and armies amounting to nearly half a million of men; and though the balance of success has not inclined to either party in recent campaigns, and the intervention of foreign powers, always a likely contingency, might speedily complicate matters beyond the possibility of adjustment, it is hardly reasonable to expect that the nation will not, before long, make some desperate effort to free itself from the protracted agony which it has now for so many years been undergoing. Several contingencies may be looked upon as certain. Should the Taepings ultimately succeed, Buddhism will fall; and with it the Catholic emissaries, odious for the similarity of their rites to those of the Buddhists, will be swept away. A belief in an active Power, a sort of reverence for certain parts of the Bible and for the character of Christ, the observance, in a superstitious manner, of a seventh day of rest, will become the popular creed of a great portion of the community. Four hundred millions of the human race will thus be brought into harmony with the western world, and the painful and anxious drudgery of Chinese life will be relieved by an occasional interval of repose. No such universal conquest seems, to the author, likely to be the ultimate and permanent result. China, he thinks, must split up into two independent sovereignties. Its past history and its geographical features alike point to this necessity. Nothing can be more erroneous than the popular idea of the Chinese, as forming for thousands of years an uniform, compact, and centralized empire. The kingdom, now single, has been frequently divided into two, three, and even four distinct governments. From the second century to the sixth the Yang-tse-kiang formed the boundary of two independent empires, and when, early in the twelfth century, the Tartars began to rule in the Northern provinces, the Chinese emperors in the south still maintained their separate existence till the advent of the Mongols in 1280, since which period alone it is that the various provinces have been compacted into a whole. The author thinks that the present struggle must result in a recurrence to some such division. At present, the Tartars are encamped in the midst of a hostile and uncongenial population, and such outbreaks as the present are the necessary and disastrous result. Could they be restricted to the northern banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and a separate Chinese Empire be formed out of the southern provinces, the vast tragedies of the present conflict might be brought to a close, a safe bulwark would be erected against the roving tribes of Central Asia, and China might once again relapse into the industrious tranquillity which the present ferocious warfare seems to have banished for ever from her plains.

M. LOUIS BLANC'S LAST VOLUME.*

M. LOUIS BLANC has at last completed a work of which he says that it has been "for eighteen years the occupation, the charm, and the torment of my life." He has added one more to the almost innumerable army of historians of the French Revolution, and he may certainly claim the praise of

having been almost, if not altogether, the first person who has expounded the democratic view of that great event with all the appliances which could be furnished not only by great ability, but by that quiet and patient labour and minute original investigation which is in our days required of every historian who wishes to take a permanent place amongst the instructors of his generation. This is a great advantage, for the view of the subject which M. Louis Blanc advocates is precisely that which it is most desirable and also most difficult for the world at large to apprehend rightly. No one could write the history of the Revolution, as it should be written, who did not deeply sympathize with its leading principles; and hitherto it has been written principally by men who either disliked or more or less despised them. The dislike and contempt might or might not be deserved, but they certainly prevented those who felt them from doing justice to their subject. M. Louis Blanc has the double advantage of being a thorough gentleman and an ardent believer in the Revolution and democracy. In the one capacity he is able to write in a manner which must conciliate the feelings and win the respect of his readers. In the other, he sympathizes vigorously with the principal actors in the events which he has to describe, and thus the general result of his book is to find an advocate for much that was hitherto unheard, and an expression for much that was unsaid.

M. Louis Blanc has set the same bounds to his undertaking as Mr. Carlyle. His history, like that of our great English humourist, if poet be not the better word, ends with the fight of the sections and the dissolution of the Convention. The present volume contains the history of its closing scenes,—of the administration of the party which, after overthrowing Robespierre, on the 27th July (9th Thermidor), 1794, voted the "constitution of the year III.," in 1795, and transferred its power to the Directors, who were in their turn superseded by the Consulate and the Empire. The general object of the volume, which gives unity to its otherwise somewhat unconnected parts, is to display the general state of weakness into which France fell when the true revolutionists were removed from the scene, and had been succeeded by their conquerors the Thermidorians, whom M. Louis Blanc seems to consider as the representatives of a new and mean form of that petty selfishness in the management of human affairs against which he considers the Revolution to have been a protest. In a military point of view, he admits the effect did not immediately follow the cause. The campaign of 1794 had shattered the coalition, and thus the reactionists reaped the fruit of the impulse which the revolutionists had given to the fortunes of France. This, however, was all. In every other department of the State there was, says M. Louis Blanc, nothing but weakness and mismanagement. Upon some of the component parts of this state of things he throws a new and vivid light. A chapter, for instance, is devoted to an account of the fierce reprisals made by the reactionists or Thermidorians on the revolutionists,—"*la terreur blanche*," as M. Louis Blanc calls it. The ordinary historians of the Revolution have left this episode in obscurity. M. Louis Blanc has brought it into full light; and he certainly proves that the atrocities of the Reign of Terror of the Jacobins were nearly equalled, and even in some respects exceeded by those of their enemies. A great part of the south of France was pervaded by bands of assassins, who, under the name of the *Compagnies de Jésus*, or *de Jésus*—for, oddly enough, it is uncertain which is the proper name—gratified not merely their vengeance, but their personal antipathies, by putting to death, without even the mockery of a trial, every one whom they thought fit to describe as a terrorist. The story of the massacre in the prisons at Marseilles, in June, 1795, is fully as horrible as that of the massacres in September, 1793, at Paris. In some respects it is more horrible, for the assassins had not the same excuses; they belonged to a higher class in society, and they appear to have acted with deliberation and in concert. The history of the excesses of the revolutionists is here and there varied with touches of a sort of ferocious sensibility; but the cruelties of the reactionists, according to M. Louis Blanc, were accompanied by an insolent, dandified levity, which left no room for any feeling but ferocity and hardness of heart.

Another charge in M. Louis Blanc's attack on the opponents of the Revolution is supported by an account of the occupations, intrigues, and intestine quarrels and divisions of the emigrant aristocracy. The chapters in which he discusses these subjects are the most interesting and original in the volume. They are founded to a great extent on the papers of the Comte de Puisaye, deposited in the British Museum, which appear to have been brought to light by M. Louis Blanc, for the first time. De Puisaye was the principal agent of the Royalist party in England, and conducted, for many years, the greater part of their correspondence. He was upon specially confidential terms with the English Ministry, and was an object of suspicion to many of the obscure intriguers with whom he was connected, as being *l'homme de Pitt*. M. Louis Blanc's researches amongst his papers have certainly furnished him with ample proofs of the worthlessness of the cause with which we unfortunately allowed ourselves to be, to some extent, connected. It is hardly possible to conceive a more wretched display of vanity, presumption, and imbecility than was made by the French aristocracy and the princes of the blood. The *émigrés* collected under Condé, earned the disgust and contempt of every population that received them, and in doing so they only acted up to the example set by Louis XVIII. and his brother, Charles X. No royal race, except perhaps the Stuarts, ever deserved less sympathy in their misfortunes. The two brothers for whose rights all Europe was in a blaze, by whose intrigues the French nation was thrown into one of the most frightful civil wars on record—that of La Vendée,—passed their time in nothing but lying and mischief. Neither of them ever thought of fighting for himself or his family, though they had admirable opportunities of doing so. Each of them appears to have been mixed up in wretched intrigues, in which their own agents were continually sacrificed and deceived. The vile scheme of the forged assignats was a fair illustration of their morality and their politics. Immense numbers of them were fabricated in England and were to be circulated in France, in order to lower the credit and cripple the resources of the Government. The wickedness of this scheme for wholesale lying and robbery was equalled only by its folly. To try to injure the credit of the assignats by forgery was like giving poison to a dying man. One of the most curious documents in M. Louis Blanc's work is a letter from a refugee priest to De Puisaye, giving an account of his attempts to bring the Bishop of Léon to see that this notable scheme was at once wise and good.

* *Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome 12me. Paris. 1862.

Besides giving a general picture of the *émigrés* and their proceedings, M. Louis Blanc enters at length into an account of the most important of their undertakings, the famous and lamentable expedition to Quiberon. It is a melancholy history, especially for an Englishman to read. If the attack had been made with capacity, and if it had been headed, as it should have been, by Louis XVIII. or his brother, it is hard to say what effects it might have had. The West of France was in a strange state of half-suppressed combustion, the Royalists were by no means an insignificant party elsewhere, and the persons who at the time held the government in their hand were hardly capable of exciting the enthusiasm which had produced such prodigious results in the preceding year. On the other hand, Hoche, who commanded the Republican forces, was a man of great capacity, which was more than could be said of any of the Royalists; and of course the fact that the enterprise was promoted and, in a certain sense, got up by the English, made it deservedly unpopular in the highest degree. Whatever might have been the results of a vigorous effort, that which was made was puerile. It was destroyed by the dissensions of the commanders and by their undefined and conflicting authority. Of the many scandals in which we were involved by our unlucky and perfectly gratuitous connection with a miserable cause, few were greater than this. If we could not keep out of the quarrel altogether, we ought at least to have played a creditable part when we were in it. We ought either to have left the French alone or to have struck with our full strength.

The most interesting chapter in the present volume is the general judgment on the Convention, and implicitly on the French Revolution itself, with which it concludes. M. Louis Blanc rapidly and pointedly enumerates, with legitimate pride, the exploits of the Convention, and compresses into a few impressive pages his general opinion on its merits. Fully admitting the crimes which it committed, and lamenting the discredit in which they involved the Revolution itself, he contends that they were not its essence; that at bottom the principles of the Revolution were not only humane, but venerable. He says in language too essentially French to be translated, that the Constitution of 1793 "fut le premier pacte social qui depuis l'origine du monde eût fait un dogme de la fraternité humaine." He says that the "religion" for which the Girondins lived and died, was "LE DROIT INDIVIDUEL,"—that is, liberty of conscience and of thought, equality before the law, the precedence of virtue and talent over the privileges of birth. The Montagnards, on the other hand, had their "religion." It consisted in "l'ensemble des idées qui constituent le DROIT SOCIAL," including, amongst other things, "the right to labour considered as a corollary of the right to live—the riches of each considered as a debt to all, functions transformed into duties," &c. &c. These two conceptions, he says, complete each other, and contain all the elements of truth.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that this is a true as it is certainly a neat statement of the gist of the Revolution, and assuming that the crimes of the Revolution were only deplorable mistakes,—ill-chosen means to the end thus defined,—would it follow, as M. Louis Blanc seems to think, that the whole human race ought to fall down and worship the Revolution? If he could enter into the temper and understand the history of the nation in which he has lived so long, he would perceive that the answer to this question is an emphatic No; that there is a view of life according to which the Revolution was wrong, not merely in its means, but in its ends and in its fundamental principle; that there are people in the world who can consistently assert that the "religion" both of the Gironde and the Montagne, as described by M. Louis Blanc, is false, and that it is based upon a mere delusion, and a delusion most dangerous to the welfare of mankind. This delusion consists in the belief that there is any such thing as a right at all, either individual or social, in the sense in which M. Louis Blanc uses the word. Law makes right, force makes law, and force and not right is the ultimate fact beyond which we cannot go. Whatever view we take of the world in which we live, and whether or not we consider it as the work of an intelligent Creator, the ultimate answer to the question, why am I to do this or that? always is and always will be, "because you must;" because God who is stronger than you orders you and will enforce his orders, says the theist; because the circumstances in which you are placed, including your own passions and wishes, are stronger than you, and compel you to it, says the atheist. For mortal men who have but a few years to live, and a most limited sphere to live in, to talk about their "rights" as if they were the ultimate foundation of all human life, is contemptible. M. Louis Blanc talks of the "right to life," but what does he mean? How will he enforce his right? Who is to serve a writ on consumption or scarlet fever? and what is a right without a remedy? A mere name, and an idle one, though many a brave man may have been deluded enough to die for it. The true way to deal with life is to take it as a matter of fact, and make the best of it. Suppose that instead of working themselves up about their "droit individuel" and "droit social," the French, at the time of the Revolution, had contented themselves with saying, "Our Government is very bad in this, that, and the other particular; it is a bad thing to imprison people without form of law; it is a bad thing to torture them. Many of the feudal rights are great grievances to the public, and very little use to their possessors; the present system of taxation is bad, so is the management of the army and navy, &c. Let us set these matters in order as well as we can, and try to get through our threescore years and ten without needless vexations." Suppose, in short, they had acted as we in England have acted for several centuries, grumbling and coddling, without pretending to understand the whole frame of creation, and contented to admit it to be an insoluble, and, in some respects, a terrible mystery. Surely, the course of events has given us some grounds to say that had they done so they would have been better employed; for, after all, what has the Revolution done which could not have been perfectly well done without it? M. Louis Blanc gives a list, filling several pages, of the institutions which the Convention founded, and of the reforms which it set on foot. The Parliament of England has done as much, and more, and has made far less fuss about it. The Convention brought out a whole set of decrees for establishing a system of national education, yet even now France is nearly the worst educated country in Europe, and, after all its convulsions and plunges, it is by no means the best governed.

M. Louis Blanc points with pride to the enthusiasm which the Convention inspired. It destroyed the coalition, and overran several of the countries on

its borders under circumstances of great difficulty. No doubt it did; but is it a thing so very wonderful that a very powerful nation should be able, by a convulsive effort, to perform great exploits? Other people, besides the French, have done great things in self-defence. The Confederate States at the present day are fighting at as great odds and with as much courage, as the French in 1794. The Dutch, in the sixteenth century, fought quite as fiercely against the Spaniards; the scattered English officers and residents in the Indian mutiny were quite as closely pressed by the rebels, and in none of these cases was it necessary to use any unusually fine words in the process. You can cut a man's throat or blow out his brains quite as well without any theory of fraternity as with one. The quiet way of doing things, and the abstinence from big phrases, has many great advantages over its noisy rival. Frenchmen in general, and M. Louis Blanc in particular, seem unable to comprehend the view which many foreigners, certainly which most Englishmen, take of what they consider sublime. "How passionately the Republicans must have loved their fellow-creatures when they insisted on fraternity or death," says M. Louis Blanc. "How can people be such idiots as to care so much what their neighbours think or feel about them?" is the English criticism on the republican cry. We can understand or even sympathize with a man who wants to knock another on the head for some purpose of his own, but the cry, "Kiss me, or I'll kill you," especially if it is sincere, appears to us not only unnatural but contemptible. A man must be a poor creature who lets himself be fretted into fury by the coldness or reserve of his neighbours. The first lesson of an English education is that men must stand on their own bottom, take their own parts, and mind their own business. M. Louis Blanc appears to think that one great merit of the French Revolution was its adoption and justification of the passionate refusal of the bulk of the people to do or suffer anything of the sort. The whole history, especially the more prominent and graphic part of it, that part which, to M. Louis Blanc, appears the soul of the whole, may be described as a sort of passionate cry on the part of the people, "Hang us, shoot us, guillotine us, do what you will with us, but treat us all alike, and don't leave us to ourselves." The Revolution had in it much that was noble, and very much that was affecting. It produced many admirable results, and was justified by tremendous abuses, but it was pervaded throughout by a craving for sympathy, a love of fine words and gaudy dreams, which was thoroughly feminine and childish. That surly virtue which may be founded on a contented and orthodox scepticism seems not to be in French nature, but it has played and will play a not ignoble part in the history of the world.

THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.*

An ancient author has remarked, in a passage which we have reason to believe has been more than once quoted, that mediocrity is not allowed to poets by men, gods, or booksellers. If he could have lived in our days, and extended his remark to novelists, he would have done good service. That a good novel is a good thing will be denied by no one. That even a bad novel may occasionally be a good thing, ought only to be denied by a cynic. Those works which appear at railway stations, with covers bursting out all over with pistols and policemen, and beautiful females in distress, can certainly not be classed as high art. They are even liable to the objection that their moral tendencies are not invariably high, and that their resemblance to real life is apt to be vague. But it is also true that they are frequently amusing. Is it possible to read them between two stations, with really beneficial results to the temper and digestion. We remember a novel, probably of Captain Marryat's, in which upwards of fifty atrocious murders are concentrated into one page. Fifty or more pirates are represented, together with the hero, sitting and looking suspiciously at each other on fifty-one barrels of gold. Two of them, after a preliminary wink, combine to kill a third and share his gold. The process is repeated, till at last the hero is left contemplating the one remaining pirate, who, of course, has all the gold. A fit of righteous indignation naturally seizes the said hero, he shoots the last pirate as an act of supreme justice, and finds himself alone with the whole of the plunder, and the consciousness of having done his duty. It is perhaps impossible to say why any one should find a pleasure in reading this kind of stuff; but the fact that people do find a pleasure, and a very innocent one, in doing so, is undeniable. The outrageously bad novel may therefore be a good thing in its way; but it is necessary that it should be outrageously bad. When once the attempt fails to secure a really artistic representation of life, all the conditions of probability, and all rules of art, ought to be thrown overboard at once. If this is neglected the novelist stops half way, and sinks into that dreary bog of platitude and general dullness, which it is most indispensable to avoid. Novels in this respect are like puns. A very good pun is pleasing, whatever critics may say. An atrociously bad pun is also occasionally amusing, from the mere force of audacious absurdity; but from moderately good puns, and from moderately good novels, may all critics and readers be delivered.

The reason of this is simple. A moderately good novel is what any man may write for himself. It is the kind of work which would be produced by an ordinary person keeping a journal and putting down, regularly for a few weeks, what he had for dinner, what friends dined with him, and what gossip he heard from them. If he did this in decently good grammar, without any particular flights of imagination, or very refined observation, and then published it as a novel, he would produce a work which could hardly be called bad, but which would, no doubt, be insufferably tedious. It would be so because he would forget the only purpose which the lower kind of novel can be expected to fulfil. We may admire Scott's novels in the same way, if not in the same degree, as we admire Shakspeare or poetry. We may admire Miss Austen for a nicety of observation and description which is as wonderful, in its way, as the imaginative power of Scott. But when a person who has not the least pretension to power of this order takes to writing novels, he ought to remember that his only chance of being entertaining is to be absurd. If he replies, that he does not choose to make a fool of himself to amuse us, the answer is obvious, that the world will resign itself to his holding his peace altogether. The use of the lower kinds of fiction may be compared to the

* The World in the Church. By F. G. Trafford, author of "The Moors and the Fens," &c. London: Charles J. Skeet.

use of narcotics, of which some moralists profess to lament the increasing prevalence. They probably don't do really much harm, and they are undeniably productive of a good deal of pleasure. They don't supply the place of food or wine, but they contribute to soothe our nerves and quiet our tempers. A second-rate novel ought to do the same. It should do by a direct application to our minds, instead of an indirect one, through our nerves or digestions, what a cigar after breakfast does for us. It can't be solid food, but it may be an agreeable stimulant. When we take up a story of this kind, we expect to be amused; and if all the absurdity has been taken out of it, in the vain hopes of making it sublime, we experience the same disappointment which we should feel from taking a glass of stale small beer instead of champagne. It is not more nourishing and is not half so lively.

These remarks have a direct application to "The World in the Church." It is impossible to say that it is badly written. There is no bad grammar, and very little fine writing. It is a passably good description of things which might really have happened and people who might really have lived. It even rises occasionally beyond this. We find at intervals descriptions of character and conversation which we are sometimes inclined to think show more than ordinary acuteness of observation. But, nevertheless, it has one unpardonable fault. It is undeniably dull. The interest never gets beyond a low pitch, and when we think that something exciting is going to turn up, we are almost always disappointed. It may be described as consisting entirely of that kind of matter which, in a superior class of writers, fills up the gaps between the exciting incidents or is compressed into the commencing chapters. If anybody likes to read a rather common-place narrative of common-place incidents, interspersed with extremely obvious remarks, we can certainly recommend "The World in the Church;" but we must confess, at the same time, that we should not envy his taste.

A short account of the plot, with suggestions for its improvement, may perhaps show what we mean more clearly. "The World in the Church" is fortunately not a very descriptive title. It seems to give a promise of theological tendencies in the novel, which we are happy to say is not fulfilled. The principal actors in the story are a Mr. Edfords, intended for a diabolical attorney, and a young clergyman, Mr. Feering, who is intended to be tormented through the book for having entered into holy orders without sufficiently strong motives. The attorney—and this is our first complaint—instead of being diabolical, is something like Mr. Robert Montgomery's "Satan," as described by Lord Macaulay; i.e., he is a weak-minded, but amiable old gentleman, whose principal fault is a tendency to pious twaddle. It may be laid down as a settled rule in second-rate fiction that an attorney is necessarily diabolical; he ought to commit murder, if possible, but forgery at the very lowest. The author always speaks of Mr. Edfords with the awe due to a consummate villain and hypocrite; but, instead of forgery or murder, his worst fault appears to be that he is rather selfish; and he atones for this to a great extent by talking the most excellent morality to the young clergyman, telling him how to write his sermons, and generally behaving with irreproachable propriety. The author indeed assures us that Mr. Edfords' good advice was hypocritical; but when we read all the facts which he states, it seems to us that he has scarcely given himself a right to say so. Mr. Edfords has a niece and a daughter living with him. We were inclined to hope at one time that he had cheated his niece out of her fortune, but, so far as we have been able to discover, he had not even committed this most desirable atrocity. His worst fault is that he discovers that Mr. Feering's eldest brother is illegitimate, and that Mr. Feering is therefore heir to a large property. Knowing this fact, he conceals it for a short time; induces his niece to marry a most respectable gentleman, with a considerable fortune, rather earlier than she had intended, in order to prevent Mr. Feering from falling in love with her, and then tries to bring about a marriage between Mr. Feering and his daughter. We need not point out the indefinite improvement of which this part of the story is susceptible. In the first place, his niece should have been married, not to a respectable gentleman, but to an atrocious ruffian, with sufficient hypocrisy to impose upon her at first. The advantage of this will soon become apparent. In the next place there is an evident opportunity for forgery, which an attorney should never have been allowed to miss. Mr. Feering's brother should really have been legitimate, and the claim set up for him by the attorney be founded upon a deep-laid plot, involving, in addition to forgery, as many crimes as possible. Even a murder might be introduced by a skilful artist—to make away, for example, with some intermediate claimant.

In the next part of the story the interest is divided. Mr. Edfords' niece is described living with her husband, who is a kind of gentleman farmer, and very much perplexed by the rudeness and want of polish of his relations. She, of course, pines away, grows very unhappy, and is only sustained by the good counsels of a lady, who tells her, very sensibly, not to quarrel with her husband, nor make herself disagreeable to his relations. Some of this is the best part of the story, and the character of the niece is really pleasing and well described. The advantage, however, of making her husband an outrageous villain becomes strikingly evident. If he had been an accomplice of her uncle in the course of crime which we have suggested, and had added to this a brutal tyranny at home, we should have had some pity for his agreeable wife. But when she is miserable merely because he has a vulgar nephew staying in the house, the story is really too insipid. The other part is even duller. The young clergyman tries very properly to convert a neglected part of his parish, but at the same time finds that he is tired of his profession, and cannot write his sermons well. When his intended father-in-law tells him of his claim to the property, he is rather more delighted than he ought to be. Although his brother is assumed to be a disreputable character, and has not seen or spoken to his family for thirty years, this delight may, perhaps, be pardoned. Now, in all this there is nothing even moderately exciting. There is a little good advice about sermons; but if a sermon is rarely very exhilarating, advice about it is apt to be even less so. The fact is, that the clergyman ought to begin as an angel. He ought to be insulted by the brutal miners, ridiculed by the churchwardens, and bullied by his vicar. He ought to overcome their opposition, to convert the miners into lambs, and to pacify the churchwardens. When the attorney unfolds his schemes, he clearly ought (of course for a time) to be overcome by the temptation. This, indeed, is actually the case in the book; but the whole point of it is there taken out by the fact that the temptation to which he yields is so very mild, that it does not involve a crime. If the attorney had com-

mitted forgery and murder, as he ought to have done, the young clergyman's fall would have been a striking incident, and the general dénouement which we are now approaching would have been really exciting. All that takes place in the novel is, that after some trouble of mind, the young clergyman resolves not to claim his right. Accidentally, however, by what is really a good stroke of business, the story comes out in rather a dramatic way. The clergyman's elder brother is going to oblige a lady to fulfil a promise to marry him; the attorney is compelled to stop this by informing him that he is illegitimate, and that the lady's mother was his mother also. The brother finds out consequently that the clergyman had allowed him to hold the property without claiming it; they are instantly reconciled, agree to divide the estates, and live very happily ever afterwards. Meanwhile, the attorney's niece very nearly, but not quite, runs away with a clergyman. On coming to her senses, which she very soon does, she begs her husband's pardon, and they also make it up, go off rather unnecessarily to Australia, and live very happily ever afterwards. Now, on our plan, the ending would have been far more dramatic. When the agony had been piled sufficiently high, the young clergyman would have repented, he would have told his brother of the forgery, &c.; if necessary, the frustrated marriage story might have still been introduced; the attorney would have been hanged; the niece's brutal husband, who had been the attorney's accomplice, would have hanged himself; the grateful brother would have given the clergyman a living; the clergyman would have married the niece, now set at liberty by her brutal husband's death; and the brother might, if he had liked, have married the attorney's daughter. Thus all the characters would be provided for, the plot would have been wound up with a proper display of blue fire, and we should have had, as clear gain, an execution, a murder, a suicide, and a forgery, besides minor crimes. So true is the maxim (often met with in novels) that one crime entails another. Always let your hero commit a murder in the first volume, and it will be hard if he does not get into enough scrapes before the end of the third.

Of course the author, at whose service we place all the above suggestions, would object, that the novel would not be like nature. We fully admit this, and even that it would be less like nature than it is now. But it would, we contend, be decidedly more amusing, and would be less obnoxious to the faint praise of being perfectly harmless and of good tendency. Meanwhile, we must confess that even without our suggested improvements, it is a novel decidedly superior in taste and feeling to most of those which it is our melancholy lot to review, and that there are one or perhaps two characters in it which are described with more than average ability. Moreover, there is a little excitement at the end of the third volume, for any one who will conscientiously struggle through the first two. If our other suggestions are inadmissible, it might be as well in any future edition to publish only the last half of the third volume, preceded by a short analysis of the previous contents.

ART AND SCIENCE.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S EXHIBITION.

ALL British people—even publicans and distillers, we should hope—have a kindly feeling for George Cruikshank. He has been amusing, bantering, castigating, and improving, almost two entire generations of men, and regaling their eyes and minds with real, sound, good art—at times excellent art—into the bargain. Cruikshank, at his best, is an admirable artist; an etcher as consummate as any since Rembrandt—clear, simple, delicate, thoroughly conscious of what his method of art is qualified to do, and how it should be done. His deficiencies, such as want of drawing of the human figure, which he is apt to treat with the caricaturist's free and easy licence—limp limbs, and vapid old-fashioned faces—his very deficiencies have a certain value in the general result of his work, as serving to keep him out of the rank of men who can do everything pretty well up to a certain level, but who have little or no original artistic starting-point of their own. Cruikshank does not come fully into competition with these facile masters of what is not quite good enough in any respect to be really worth doing at all. He has his solid excellences, for which he deserves hearty thanks and admiration, and his downright incapacities—the two forming a combination which ranks him fairly among the rarer class of men. For popularity certainly he may go to the whole public at large; but, for thorough appreciation and high estimate of his special artistic powers, it is to artists chiefly that he may look with confidence—a clear evidence that he is a master-craftsman of their guild. Well do they know that Cruikshank's powers are not of the average but the exceptional class; that he is not a calculable man—not one of those of whom each half-century repeats the type; and that, while a more even level of attainment is to be had for the asking in as many relays of men as you choose, a second Cruikshank is by no manner of means to be ordered of Dame Nature "at sight."

We are glad to express in strong terms our sense of the great merits of this honoured veteran; whose powers, still in fair working order, have perhaps been somewhat obscured, in the eyes of the public of recent years, by the efforts and successes of younger men. To them also be all due credit given. It would be absurd to wish them to perpetuate any of the numerous and obvious enough defects with which Cruikshank is fairly chargeable; but the best of them might be glad to inherit the tradition of his genius and peculiar faculty. Styles and tastes change; those are in the long run the lucky ones which have had genius as a substratum to work from and form themselves upon.

Under the name of "The George Cruikshank Picture-gallery," a collection of the designer's works has now been got together for public exhibition in Exeter Hall. They are described in the catalogue as "Proof etchings, sketches, &c., embracing a period of upwards of fifty years." The collection is not by any means a complete one; indeed, it is decidedly defective in the works of Cruikshank's best period, which may be considered to have dated from about 1825 to 1845. The truly masterly series of etchings to "Grimm's Goblins," Boz's "Sketches," "Oliver Twist," "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," are wholly unrepresented; and nothing could supply their place with entire adequacy. Of woodcuts, too, there is nothing—or nothing to speak of—beyond the designs of

"The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children," excellent works certainly of their class, but only displaying one side of the artist's many performances in this method of art. Of the works exhibited, a large proportion belong to his earlier period of extreme and unsightly, often repulsive, caricature; political satire, lampoons upon the fashions, and the like; and many of these suffer a further deterioration by being coloured. The selection, however, if not a judicious one for the upholding of the artist's fame, or the gratification of the artistic spectator, is curious as showing a large number of designs of a period remote from the experience and memories of most visitors. We proceed to name, out of the total of 148 catalogued numbers, a few of the designs which present some point of peculiarity.

No. 1 consists of "First Attempts by G. C., from about 1799 to 1801, when about seven and eight years of age—thirteen sketches." Boyish attempts in the manners of Callot and Mortimer may be observed here; one of some dustmen in an interior has a strong spice of the artist's own after style. In another early series, from 1801 to 1803, we find a caricature of Cruikshank in person, during his indentures to a lawyer—anything but a zealous pupil evidently. Some of the early designs, such as "Colonel Patty Pan, Sir John Sugarstick, 1808 or 1809," have a strong spice of the exaggerated manner of Gilray; others, of which the "Illustrations of Songs" are examples, are quite as absurdly overdone as Rowlandson; and the coarse hideousness of such caricatures of fashionable costumes and doings as the "Inconveniences of a Crowded Drawing-room, 1808," or the various "Monstrosities" of successive years in point of costume, is appalling. In "Sir Francis Burdett taken from his House, No. 80, Piccadilly, by Warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in April, 1810, and delivered into the custody of Earl Moira, Constable of the Tower of London," Cruikshank abandons—or intends to abandon—caricature, in favour of the contemporary historic style; the pair is curious, if not much better than that. The "Cato-street Conspirators, 1820," is of the same class, and better. The "Points of Humour," sixteen etchings in all, show him gradually getting into his power, some of them being markedly in advance of others. The eight from "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man," confirm the progress, and bring Cruikshank onwards to near his best style. Several of the "Comic Almanack" etchings, extending over a number of years, show him also in his prime. Two other designs may be singled out as interesting from their associations. "Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians, 1820," exhibits a number of the Radical politicians of the day. Some of these—as Cobbett, Orator Hunt, Richard Carlile, and Thistlewood,—Cruikshank groups together as "low, desperate revolutionists, or extreme Radicals." Another group contains "the respectable Reformers;" Hone, "the eloquent and noble Sir Francis Burdett," and Cruikshank himself, among the number. The second of the designs to which we are referring is named "A Bank-note not to be imitated." It was published by Cruikshank "about thirty or forty years back," in horror at witnessing the execution of two women for passing one-pound forged bank-notes. Its appearance "created a sensation and I had the satisfaction of knowing," says Mr. Cruikshank, "that no man or woman was ever hung after this for passing one-pound forged Bank of England notes." The last design in the catalogue shows that the artist has remained a "respectable" Reformer: it celebrates the rejection of Bright's "Reform Bomb-shell." From these we pass to the water-colour designs for the etchings to Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter," a good series, the merit of which is, of course, only partially suggested in the water-colours. Those from the Irish Rebellion of 1798 are interesting and valuable. The etchings for the *Omnibus* Magazine, about 1841, are among the most elaborated of the artist's performances; on the whole, they go farther in this direction than his style will bear without detriment. The same may be said of the later etchings from "Cinderella" and other fairy tales, which want the zest of earlier fantasies. The Falstaff series, dating only some six or seven years back, is among the best works in this manner. Two water-colour pictures from "Tam O'Shanter" aim, not without some considerable amount of skill in painting and effect, at a pitch of completeness very unusual in the coloured works of Mr. Cruikshank.

We have last to mention the *pièce de résistance* of the collection, the huge oil-picture named "The Worship of Bacchus," 13 feet 4 by 7 feet 8, which had already been exhibited at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's Gallery. It is certainly not a good picture, and can scarcely, we think, be considered a good total-abstinence lecture, though it embodies with some force and directness the fundamental working doctrine of the National Alliance. The general idea, carried out in a number of wholly or partially isolated groups, is that the self-respecting classes of British society drink always and everywhere, in moderation, and no harm meant, at least at first; but that there is no calculating the baneful effects of this needless self-indulgence upon the drinkers themselves as the habit becomes confirmed, and more especially upon the classes less inured to self-control. The man who in his old age occupies himself for nearly three years in painting this homily upon canvass, to the most negative of results in point of art, deserves respect even from those who have no notion of leaving off the toasting of the bride at a wedding-breakfast, or the prescribing of pale ale for a woman in childbed. A pamphlet is sold in the Gallery, containing a detailed description which Mr. Cruikshank gave of his picture at a temperance meeting; it deserves to be read and kept by the curious, whether Teetotallers or not.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NEWS.

In the course of last year a French expedition explored the ancient Galatia and Bithynia and other parts of Asia Minor, chiefly in the north and the interior. The publication of its results has already commenced, and the beautiful first *livraison* before us forms a promising prospectus of the work.* It must not be

* *Exploration Archéologique de la Galatie et de la Bithynie, d'une partie de la Mysie, de la Phrygie, de la Cappadoce, and du Pont, exécutée en 1861, et publiée sous les auspices du Ministère d'État. Par G. Perrot, E. Guillaume, et J. Delbet. Folio. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1862.*

supposed that much of absolutely new discovery was to be hoped for in the examination of sites already visited, but many important monuments remained to be correctly designed, before they could be placed among the documents of archaeology. Some of our readers may have seen the interesting exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie at Paris in the present year, of the photographs made by the expedition. They will be interested to hear that the most important monuments examined, the primitive sculptures in the interior, are represented in the work by photo-lithographs (the Poitevin process), and that facsimiles are given of the famous inscriptions in the temple of Rome and Augustus at Ancyra, in Galatia, showing the original, and a Greek translation, of the Index Rerum Gestarum, or, as it has been called, the political will of Augustus. The expedition did not discover this most remarkable document, but examined it more completely than had previously been done, made facsimiles, and, by the recovery of a portion of the Greek translation previously unknown, rendered an almost complete restoration practicable. To this curious subject we may some day recur; meanwhile, we may express a hope that, much as historians neglect archaeological documents, no one will write the life of Augustus without carefully examining his own account of his political actions. The photographs of monuments at Enik in Cappadocia show a singular phase of ancient art, bearing traces of Egyptian and some other, perhaps Assyrian or Persian, influence. M. V. Guérin has published an account of his journey in 1860 in the Regency of Tunis, undertaken under the auspices of the French Government, and at the cost of the munificent Duc de Luynes, who also has defrayed the expense of publication. The work contains copies of a large number of Latin inscriptions, and will prove of value to the student of early ecclesiastical and Roman provincial history. The explorer appears not to have been fortunate enough to discover new native inscriptions.*

The announcement of the publication of Professor Mommsen's great work, an edition of the Latin inscriptions, of which the prospectus is before us, will be very welcome to the learned world. The editor, assisted by Professor Henzen and M. de Rossi, will amply comment upon these records, and we trust that in future Roman history will be written with at least as much attention to monumental as to written documents.† We hope that the Berlin Academy will not, as in the case of Böckh's Greek Inscriptions, print a most valuable work upon paper that cannot be touched without risk of injury. Such miserable parsimony should not disfigure so good a service to scholarship. M. A. Maury has lately read before the Academy a very curious memoir, of which an analysis is given in the current number of the "Revue Archéologique," on the history of Rome under the Kings. Ever since the destructive exploit of Niebuhr, there has been a general desire to reconstruct something out of the ruins of Roman primitive history. The supposed date of the foundation of the City is so little remote from the beginning of its certain history, that the problem does not seem one as to which the student need despair. M. Maury endeavours to explain the myths by the supposition that they relate to the conflict of races in ancient Rome, and his result certainly wears an aspect of probability. We are, however, surprised that he should maintain the historical reality of the kings after Romulus, or at least the later ones, as if it were an established fact. We wait anxiously the opinion of the Germans upon a theory which certainly merits careful discussion.

The well-known coin dealers, MM. Rollin and Feuardent, of Paris, have set a good example by publishing a full catalogue of their stock of Greek coins. The first portion, containing a description of 4,321 coins of Europe, has reached us. It is carefully and conscientiously executed, and we hope to see it continued. The prices attached seem to us to be moderate, as far as we can judge without actually seeing the coins.

A very interesting contribution to Assyrian history has been published in the "Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne,"‡ by M. Oppert, the authority on cuneiform interpretation at Paris. It contains the fullest statement we have seen of the Assyrian data for the chronology and history of the period of Sargon and Sennacherib. The learned writer defends the received chronology against Sir Henry Rawlinson's conjectural emendation. The essay merits very careful study, and seems to us conclusive, unless the authority of Ptolemy's Canon is set aside.

It has been much disputed whether certain pieces of oriental porcelain, bearing Turkish or Persian patterns, remarkable for quaintness and excellent colours, are from Rhodes or Persia. They are assigned to the latter country in the Catalogue of the Loan Collection. We have just seen a specimen from Hali-carnassus (Budrum), which furnishes additional evidence, were that wanting, of the fabric being Rhodian.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR ROOD has devised an improvement in the bi-sulphide of carbon prism, which it would be well if some of our enterprising English opticians would adopt in cases where it is desirable to employ liquid prisms. The frame of the prism is made of cast-iron; after the faces have been worked nearly true, plain parallel plates of glass are cemented on the sides with a mixture of glue and molasses. After a few days bi-sulphide of carbon is poured in through an opening, which is then closed by a screw. So far the construction is old, and attended with a most serious defect, which has perhaps prevented the general introduction of these prisms; for if the light from the slit be allowed to fall on a face of a prism thus prepared, and reflected from it through the axis of the observing telescope, it will be found that the image of the slit is distorted to a greater or less degree owing to the glass plate having been slightly bent by the hardening of the glue. If two or more such prisms are

* *Voyage Archéologique dans la Régence de Tunis, exécuté (en 1860) et publié sous les auspices et aux frais de M. H. D'Albert, Duc de Luynes. Par V. Guérin. Two vols. 8vo. Paris: H. Plon. 1862.*

† *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, consilio et auctoritate Acad. Litt. Reg. Borussiae, Vol. I. Inscriptiones Latine Antiquissimae, Ed. Theod. Mommsen, &c. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1862.*

‡ *Les Inscriptions Assyriennes des Sargonides et les Fastes de Ninive. Par Jules Oppert. 8vo. Versailles: Beau Jeune. 1862.*

used for the production of a spectrum, a certain amount of confusion is always seen among the fixed lines, seriously diminishing the value of the prisms. After many failures Professor Rood perfectly corrected this difficulty, in a very simple manner: the prisms are finished in the way above described, with glass of good quality, then a few drops of olive oil are placed on one of the faces, and a plate of truly plane glass laid on it; the oil spreads out and is held in position by capillary attraction, the four corners are then secured by four drops of melted wax and resin. Optical contact is thus secured, and the slight curvature corrected; each face is in turn thus dealt with. Large prisms of bisulphide of carbon thus corrected, while remarkably cheap, approach a degree of optical perfection not attainable by the best flint-glass prisms yet produced; for even if the flint prism is of equal size with that of bisulphide of carbon, and optically unexceptionable, the fact still remains that the dispersive power of the latter is greater. With an apparatus furnished with three prisms of this sort and a flint-glass prism, Professor Rood has discovered many lines not laid down in Kirchhoff's new and most admirable chart of the solar spectrum, especially two new lines in the interior of the line D, making in all three fine lines which are enclosed in this double line.

Nothing seems more simple than the phenomenon of the evaporation of pure water, and nothing seemed at first sight to promise less reward to the physical philosopher, but this subject has lately been examined by one who has the knack of ferreting out secrets of nature from the most unlikely holes and corners, and his results are such as cannot fail to be read with interest. Chemists know a salt which they call nitrite of ammonia, and which, in its elementary composition, may be looked upon as containing nothing but nitrogen and water. M. Schönbein, some years ago, made the observation, that when phosphorus burnt slowly in the air nitrite of ammonia was formed. It was at first thought that ozone or electricity had something to do with this, until the constant presence of nitrite of ammonia in rain water led him to conclude that the formation of this salt was due to other causes than these. Experimenting upon different solutions, it was found that whenever pure water, or an alkaline solution, evaporates in the air, nitrite of ammonia is formed. As a proof, it is only necessary to evaporate some pure water in a porcelain capsule, and to suspend over the evaporating basin pieces of paper which have been dipped into caustic potash solution. The nitrite of ammonia formed during the evaporation of the liquid is carried off by the aqueous vapour, and decomposed by the potash, forming nitrite of potash, which can be detected by the ordinary means. Linen cloth well washed in pure water, or filtering paper wetted and dried in the air, are found to contain nitrite of ammonia; and generally all bodies which have been moistened and dried spontaneously are found to contain the nitrite. M. Schönbein considers that the formation of this salt is owing to the direct union of the atmospheric nitrogen with the elements of water, and he observes that these results are of great importance to the theory of nitrification. Everywhere water is to be found evaporating, especially on the ground; nitrite of ammonia is thus formed everywhere; and by contact with alkaline bases, alkaline nitrites are formed, which oxidize in the air and become transformed into nitrates. In so rainy a climate as ours these nitrites are carried away by the water, and consequently do not accumulate, but it is otherwise in hot countries, where the dry season is of several months' duration, and where there are to be found vast plains of alkaline earth. The data given by M. Schönbein prove that the formation of saltpetre and nitrite of soda does not depend upon the presence of nitrogenized matter, but that atmospheric nitrogen has much to do with it. It was formerly thought that nitric acid was produced by the oxidation of ammoniacal salts proceeding from decaying nitrogenized matter, but these researches show that the direct union of atmospheric nitrogen and the elements of water under the influence of evaporation, has at least as great a share in its production. This idea is confirmed by the fact that nitrate of potash is formed in Bengal in places where no nitrogenized matters exist capable of furnishing ammonia. Ammoniacal salts have recently been detected in volcanic vapours; these certainly should be ascribed to evaporation, for it is impossible to admit the presence of nitrogenized matters in volcanoes. In vegetable chemistry the formation of nitrite of ammonia is of great importance. Chemists have proved that plants cannot assimilate free nitrogen. For this assimilation to be possible, the nitrogen must exist in certain combinations; ammonia and nitrites are supposed to contain nitrogen in a suitable form. If such be the case, nitrite of ammonia produced by evaporation would present this element in a form to be readily absorbed by the plant. Each plant, itself a cause of evaporation, furnishes the portion of assimilable nitrogen necessary to it, whilst the salt is formed in like manner in earth moistened by rain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND TELESCOPIC EYE OBSERVATION AS APPLIED TO DISCOVERY ON THE MOON'S SURFACE.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—Having critically examined some of the best photographs lately published of the moon's surface, I shall be glad if you will kindly favour me with a small space in your valuable columns for a remark or two on the merits of the two modes of celestial inquiry mentioned above.

The photograph is invaluable, especially when accompanied by reference marks and the necessary elements of epoch, moon's age, libration and illumination, for fixing the precise localities of the physical features depicted on the negative. It is, so far as the features which have been depicted are concerned, a faithful record of the moon's appearance at the precise moment when the image was impressed on the collodion film; a record that no power of observation, accompanied by the most rapid pen, could by any conceivable means accomplish; a record, by means of which at any subsequent period the evanescent features of our satellite, as given at a particular moment, may be carefully and elaborately

studied; but here its advantage ends; unless every, even the minutest detail, be faithfully impressed, as a means of discovery, photography falls short, for it is clear that if with a telescope of 2½-inch aperture I see details either not impressed on the negative—the aperture being considerably greater—or obliterated in the process of printing, such negatives or copies cannot be available at any future period for the determination of changes that have supervened on the moon's surface.

Without finding the least fault with the admirable photographs that have passed under my review—they are well calculated to fulfil the conditions above mentioned,—there are details wanting which at once disqualify them from becoming instruments in discovery, so far as the surface of the moon is concerned. I will just mention one or two instances. The interesting crater, Thibet,—the wall of which, to use the words of Webb, "has been pierced by a smaller and deeper crater, against the ring of which a yet lesser mine has been sprung"—is exhibited on the photographs I have seen with the smaller and deeper crater, but not the lesser mine, while with a 2½ glass, the photograph lying beside me, I have seen the lesser crater distinctly. By implicitly relying on the photograph, and no record existing of some minute feature, an erroneous conclusion might be drawn that the feature in question had been produced since the epoch of the photograph, as it could not be found on it. Another instance of a minute crater not on the photograph, seen also with the same aperture 2½, occurs in the same neighbourhood.

There is a delicate object in the crater Plato, the Hartwell Ledge, which has been under careful observation during the last two and a half years; it is only visible during forty-six hours in each lunation. I have not had an opportunity of inspecting a good photograph of Plato, but the probability of getting the Hartwell Ledge impressed on the negative appears to be so extremely rare that this object might, upon photographic evidence, be pronounced at some future period as having sprung into existence; whereas, by a constant, patient, and well-directed series of eye-observations, its general appearance may, from time to time, be faithfully chronicled, and changes which have been observed in it recorded.

For obtaining a general knowledge of the lunar surface, and assisting in marking out tracts for minute investigation, photography is a great and important aid; but for becoming acquainted with the minutest features, and with changes taking place on the surface, eye observations with powerful instruments, in the present state of celestial photography, are indispensable. Each department has its separate sphere, and there are practical astronomers well able to cultivate that which may be the subject of their choice.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Nov. 15, 1862.

W. R. BIRT.

THE METEOR OF THE 16TH INSTANT.

SIR,—A brilliant meteor seen and heard to explode at Weston-super-Mare on Sunday evening last the 16th instant, as described by Mr. W. H. Wood in the columns of the *Standard*, was seen also at Hampstead, near London. A comparison of the observations is most nearly satisfied by a flight of 200 miles performed in one, or at the most two seconds of time. The place of this was 100 miles above the English Channel, midway between Brest and Penzance, and the course directly outwards from the Channel, horizontal.

On the ground that London is distant from Weston-super-Mare by the whole width of England, or more than 115 English miles, an elevation of the whole course as seen at London by 7° of arc, curtailing the end of commencement 8°, together with an extension of the path described at Weston-super-Mare 5° at the commencement, are corrections which, however considerable for obtaining convergences of the lines of sight, are too small to affect the inference of a vast and rapid flight which this, like every other visitor of its character, has described above the earth.

The course, as described at Hampstead, was 15° or 20° in length; from 20° below, and 2° or 3° west of Mars, towards the west; 30° from horizontal, downwards.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Collingwood, Hawkhurst, Nov. 19th, 1862.

ALEX. S. HERSCHEL.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHAIN CABLES.—The medal for the strongest chain cable in the Great Exhibition has been awarded to the patent method of Sisco and Sinibaldi. As the safety of a vessel may be sacrificed by a single bad link, and as the making of chain cables is essentially a British manufacture, the Americans even importing them from us, this most approved method will not be devoid of general interest. The links of the Sisco chain are oval in shape, and are made from hoop-iron galvanized and brazed. The hoop-iron is wound on a reel by a machine until the required thickness of the link is obtained. It is then passed through a furnace of molten metal and brazed. The principle may be understood by taking a long slip of paper or tape, and rolling it round the hand layer upon layer until the defined thickness is got, and then placing a stay across the inner part of the oval thus formed. The advantages of this method are the doing away with welding, which makes iron brittle, and an increase of strength. The iron-hoop is coiled cold, and the dipping the links into molten metal by heating every part equally consolidates the layers into one strong mass. Every layer has thus a skin, and as each link is made up of sixteen or more layers, the cable is not likely to snap; for if one skin be broken the other fifteen may remain intact, while the breakage of one skin will give warning to the crew, like the giving way of a strand of a rope before it breaks. The links of a good chain will elongate before they part, and the Admiralty strain for a 2-inch chain is 72 tons. A Sisco chain of this size was tested at Woolwich with an ordinary testing-chain of 2½-inches. On hydraulic power being applied, some of the links were lengthened to the extent of 5-8ths of an inch, with a strain of 110 tons; at 114 tons the testing-chain broke, the hoop-chain having an opening in one of the links which had been imperfectly brazed, but being otherwise uninjured. One link of this size was afterwards

separately tested, when it withstood 120 tons, the strain being so great as to loosen the stone frame-work of the testing-machine. The method can scarcely be called new as it has been patented some few years, but the widow of Mr. Sisco, the original patentee, had not the means of bringing the process into commercial use. The patent is reported to have been bought by the Duke of Buccleuch.

AMERICAN EMBALMING.—Although numbers of human carcasses are left now as mere carrion on the horrible blood-stained fields of America with the only useful result of making ultimately a passing greener patch of herbage, at the outbreak of that horrid war the natural sympathies and affections of a civilized people were shown in the ardent desire for the preservation of the dead victims of the fight, and a modern process of embalming came suddenly into vogue. Such a means can hardly be said to have gone out of fashion; but it is one which the ever increasing horrors of warfare render less and less possible to put into practice. It may be interesting, therefore, to give a passing record of the process. The modern embalmer finds an artery into which he can place the nozzle of an injecting syringe; that in the arm known as the brachial, or the carotid in the throat, are those usually selected. Into one of these arteries the embalming fluid, which is nothing more than a solution of alum or corrosive sublimate, is injected until it permeates the whole bodily structure. The solution is so constituted that, fluid while warm, it sets into a solid more or less hard on cooling. After the injection the artery is closed, the skin neatly sewn up, and thus the operation is completed. This is the method pursued by the famous Dr. Holmes, of Brooklyn, so notorious for his embalming operations in Virginia.

LARGE CANNON.—It is an error to suppose the manufacture of large cannon a perfectly modern accomplishment. The 22-inch gun of Constantinople, and the 28-inch guns of the Dardanelles, were made many years ago. The great gun of the Kremlin, in Moscow, is reputed to be the largest in the world. It is 36 inches in calibre, 18 feet long, and weighs 97,500 lb. The inscription shows it to have been made by Andrew Tchhoff, in the Moscovian year 7091, or 1586 of the Christian era. The largest cannon cast in England is one manufactured at the Mersey Steel Works, Liverpool. It has a bore of 13 inches, weighs 24 tons, exclusive of the carriage, and throws a solid shot of 270 lb. It is two inches less in calibre than the new American navy Dahlgrens.

LONDON STREETS.—There are 2,800 streets in London, measuring 3,000 miles. If placed in a straight line they would extend for more than twice the distance from Calais to Constantinople, and walking ten miles a day, it would take a person more than a year to traverse them, while in the interim a new city, with from 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, would have sprung up.

FOLDING AND STITCHING PAPER.—Machinery, consisting of a stitching device, pressing rollers, and folding blades, has been invented by a Swiss mechanic, Mr. S. H. Tanner. These latter act in such a manner that a piece of thread is drawn through each sheet of paper before the last fold is completed, and when completely folded, each sheet passes under the pressing rollers, and is discharged ready for the binder.

LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

Civil Engineers, 18th Nov.—The discussion on Mr. Robert Crawford's paper on "The Railway System of Germany," read on the 11th November, terminated this evening. The paper began with the tramways, which in Germany, as in England, had been the germ of the railway system. The oldest of these undertakings was the line from Budweiss to Lintz, in 1824, a length of 80 miles. The gauge was 3 furlongs $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and it was worked by horses until 1854, when small locomotive engines were employed. The adoption of steam as a motive-power first came into effect on the short railway from Nürnberg to Fürth (4 miles), which was opened for public traffic in December, 1835. At the end of 1861, 8,866 miles of railway (comprising sixty-two undertakings) had been constructed, at an average cost of £16,400 per mile. In addition to the railways, Germany had at that period about 143 miles of tramways, constructed at an average cost of £3,200 per mile. With a view of establishing a common plan of action and of regulating, to a certain extent, the relations of the different railway companies with each other, a society was formed, in 1847, under the title of "The Association of Government Railway Directions," which now embraces the whole of the lines, with very unimportant exceptions. A code of laws had been drawn up and agreed to, which was revised from time to time, the rules expressing the decided opinion of the associated body upon all points usually involved in the construction and working of railways. The gauge throughout the country is now universally 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The rate of speed is usually, for express trains, from 27 to 35 miles an hour; for ordinary passenger-trains, 20 to 25 miles; and for goods-trains, 10 to 15 miles per hour, in each case exclusive of stoppages.

Ethnological, 18th November, J. Crawford, Esq., President.—After a report on the Ethnological papers read at the British Association meeting at Cambridge, there was a most interesting paper, "A Day amongst the Fans or cannibal tribes of the Gaboon district," from Captain R. Burton, H.M.'s Consul at Fernando Po. Captain Burton started on the 10th of April last from "Baraka Factory" in the *Eliza* schooner up the Gaboon river. After passing several Bakile and Fan villages, whose noisy inmates turned out to cheer and chaff, and after experiencing violent tornados, which this year have been more than usually frequent, the vessel anchored at 8 p.m. on the 12th of April off Máyyán, and Captain Burton landed with Mr. Tippet, an American gentleman, who acts as native trader to the Gaboon river, which rise in a rich wooded subchain of the Sierra del Crystal, and on the 17th of April he had returned to the hospitable residence of Messrs. Bruce & Walker. His trip, however, although a short one, was full of interest. On arriving at Máyyán, all the guns on board the schooner were double loaded and discharged, and were replied to by the town muskets. It was dark when, passing through the sable crowds that awaited on the river-bank, the captain proceeded to Mr. Tippet's extensive establishment, where, accustomed as his ears were to the frantic noisiness of an African village, he notes an excess of outbrawl, remarking that noisiness, like curiosity, is a good sign in a barbarian, the lowest tribes being too apathetic to shout about or to look at anything however strange to them. At five the next morning, after a night with the gnats and rats, the captain armed and cast a first nearer look upon the Fan village. It is a single street about half a mile long, formed by two parallel rows of verandahed huts looking upon a line of yellow clay, and broken only by three larger huts, the palava or club-houses where the men assemble. Expecting a large-limbed, black-skinned, and ferocious-looking race he was surprised to find a finely-made light-coloured people of decidedly mild aspect. Their features also were sub-African, and many, if whitened, might pass for Europeans. Their hair is not crisply woolly like that of the coast tribes; in some women it falls below the neck-nape, and its texture is of superior order. The males wear it in plaits, knobs, and horns, with stiff twists and projections rising a couple of inches from the scalp. Some heads are adorned with

tufts of feathers, especially of the African jay, whose red spoils are a sign of war. The complexion is, as usual, *café au lait*—the distinctive colour of the African mountaineer or man from the interior. Nothing can be simpler than the toilette. Thongs of goat, wild cat, or leopard-skin gird the waist, and cloth, which rarely appears, is supplied by the spoils of the black monkey (*C. satanus*), or some other "beef." The national costume, however, is a swallow-tail of fan-palm, greasy and ochred, thrust through the waist-belt. All carry arms, generally spears of fantastic shape, dwarf battle-axes, and curious lotus-shaped knives. Bows and arrows are unknown; yet in war the Fans carry large square shields of elephant-hide. The mbái, or cross-bow, peculiar to this people, appears to have been invented by them, and not borrowed, as might have been supposed, from Europe. The dwarf bolts, or splints, which are shot from them are always poisoned. Most men also carry a pliable basket full of splints, which, sharpened, poisoned, and placed upon the path of a barefooted enemy, must somewhat discourage pursuit. In the course of the morning, Titevanga, the king of Máyyán, discoursed on the short and simple annals of the Fans. It is only lately that they have been known to fame, having within the memory of man crossed the Sierra del Crystal, or West African Ghats, and dislodged the less warlike Bakeli and Mpongwe. In 1842, few were seen upon the head waters of the Gaboon; now they visit the factories at the mouth of the river. They were accompanied in their westward migration by a kindred tribe, the Osheba, and both were doubtless driven seaward by the pressure of other interior tribes. These are successively the Baté, the Okáná, the Yefi, and the Sensoba, the latter being the most eastern known. All these races are described as being brave, warlike, and hospitable to strangers. Dr. Livingstone, deriving his knowledge from the southern corner of the continent, declares that "no African tribe ever became extinct." Nowhere, however, than in the maritime country of the Gaboon does "natural selection" fight more fiercely the battle of life. The tenants of the coast are rarely ancient peoples; effeminated by contact with Europeans, and pressed upon by other inner tribes, to whom free access to the sea is of much consequence, the present littoral races are gradually becoming extinct, or being merged into other tribes. The Fans, like most African tribes with whom fighting is like our fox-hunting, live in a chronic state of ten-days' war. Battles, however, are not bloody; after the fall of two or three warriors, their bodies are dragged off to be devoured, and their friends disperse. If the whole body cannot be removed, the victors content themselves with a *gigot* or two to make soup. The practice extends, sporadically at least, to the Kongo, and probably further south. It is execrated by the Calabarese, while it is practised by their Ibo neighbours. The Duallas of Cameroon number it amongst their "country fashions," and though the Mpongwe eschew the chimpanzee, the Fans invariably eat their foes. No trace of the practice was seen at Máyyán. The corpse, when brought in, is carried to a hut in the outskirts, and is secretly eaten by the men only, and the cooking-pots finally broken. No joint of man is ever seen in the settlements. The sick are not devoured. The dead are decently interred, except slaves, who are, as usual, thrown into the forest. Yet the Fan character has its ferocious side. Prisoners are treated with horrible cruelty, and children may be seen licking the blood from the ground. "It is a curious ethnological consideration," Captain Burton adds, "this peculiar development of destructiveness in the African's brain. Cruelty seems to be with him a necessary of life; all his highest enjoyments are connected with causing pain and inflicting death. His religious rites—how different from the Hindu's—are causelessly bloody. As an instance, take the old Calabarese. For two hundred years they have had intercourse with Europeans, who certainly would not encourage these profitless horrors, yet no savages could show such an extent of ferocity as the 6,000 wretched remnants of the race. I cannot believe this abnormal cruelty to be the mere result of un-civilization. It appears to me rather the work of an arrested development, which leaves to the man all the bloodthirstiness of the carnivore." The village contains about 400 souls. The Fan houses are made like those of the Mpongwe,—in fact, after the fashion which begins at Cameroon River, but are not so neat nor so clean as those of the sea-board. A thatching, with long eaves, forms deep verandahs facing towards the one street, surmounts neat walls of split bamboo, planted upon raised platforms of earth. The usual two doors make the hut a thoroughfare; and windows being absent, the ceiling is painted like coal-tar by soot. The walls are garnished with weapons and nets, and the furniture consists of mats, cooking-utensils, logs of wood for pillows and seats, and dwarf stools cut out of solid blocks. The only illumination is by a torch such as the Mpongwe use,—a yard of acacia-gum, mixed with and bound up in dried plantain-leaves.

Royal Society, 20th Nov., General Sabine, President.—A most interesting paper was read by Professor Owen "On the *Archæopteryx macrurus*."

The subject of this paper was the extraordinary relic recently found in the Solenhofen beds of lithographic stone, which has obtained so much notoriety as the remains of a supposed fossil feathered reptile,—Griphosaurus,—but which Professor Owen considers to be those of a bird. The Solenhofen limestone is of about the same geological age as our Oxford clay, or of the Oxfordian period of d'Orbigny's classification; and the first knowledge of any bird remains in this deposit—indeed of this period—was from the discovery only a very short time before the date of the present specimen of a single fossil feather, which was described and figured by H. von Meyer, who proposed a new genus of birds for its reception—*Archæopteryx*. Professor Owen thought it possible there might be more than one species of bird indicated by those fossils; but as it was impossible to predicate the precise character of a bird from a single feather, he had retained the name of the genus for the present specimen. The first notice of it appeared from the pen of M. Wagner, who had not seen it, but who stated on the authority of a communication received from M. Witte, an amateur collector, that a considerable portion of an animal had been found at Solenhofen, in which a series of feathers occurred on each side of a long-tail, and to this creature M. Wagner gave the name of griphosaurus, conceiving it to be a species of the long-tailed pterodactyles such as are sometimes found in these strata.

M. Wagner, whose ill health had prevented his personal inspection of the specimen, shortly afterwards died; then Professor Owen communicated with the trustees of the British Museum, and Mr. Waterhouse was deputed to inspect and purchase it for the national collection. It consists of the two halves of a split slab, exhibiting the ventral aspect of the animal, in which the "merry-thought" marks by its position the relation of the bones of the fore part of the trunk.

The merry-thought, or furculum, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length; the length of tail, 11 inches; and the total length of the specimen, 1 foot $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The part where the head might have been is broken away. The exposed bones in the lower portion are the ossa innominata with the acetabulum, twenty caudal vertebrae, and several sternal ribs, the left scapula, a portion of proximal left and right humerus, and left and right radius and ulna, metacarpal, carpals, ungual phalanges and left tibia. Besides these are impressions made by the feathers of the tail and the down on the left side of the body. There are also one claw-bone belonging to the right digit of the wing, and the bones of the tail in their natural position. Of the left wing, twelve of the feathers may be counted; and of the

right wing there are impressions of fourteen long quills, which diverge on each side of the metacarpal and phalangeal bones; the toes are in same direction with these, but contracted. The best impressions of the quill feathers give a length of 6 inches by a breadth of 1 inch, the end of the vane being obtusely rounded. The right wing measures 11 inches from before backward, but this may be greater than reality by displacement in embedding. The impressions of the tail feathers give a length of 3 inches for the projection of the terminal feathers beyond the last of the caudal vertebrae, which are twenty in number, and each furnished with a pair of feathers spread out, but becoming more acute in their position towards the end of the tail. The wings have a general resemblance to those of the gallinaceous or round-winged birds. Professor Owen then compared these bones with corresponding bones in the pterodactyles, particularly with *Pterodactylus Suedicus*, and pointed out these distinctive differences. The breadth of the scapula at the apex is 2 inches, the arch being open and round, and not contracted as in the gallinaceae. No pterodactyle has a furculum ("merry-thought"). The humerus of the *Archæopteryx* is like that of the crow. The hand, besides supporting the remiges of the wing, probably supports also two digits, each with a small sharp-pointed claw. Homologous claws or spurs are developed upon the pinion, one for each wing, in *Merula dactyloptera*, the *Parra jacana*, the *Palamedea*, and the spur-winged goose. The ischium behind its acetabulum has a vacancy between itself and the pubis, which shows the obturator foramen as large as in birds. The position of the specimen in the lithographic stone, Professor Owen considered to be analogous to that of a dead gull or other bird lying on the seashore, the rejected prey of some carnivore, who had devoured the soft parts and had left the indigestible quill-feathers and bony portions of the limbs connected together by skin. The thigh is longer than in most birds, and the toes accord with the perching, and not the climbing, or wading, or swimming forms of foot. Few, however, of the bones of this remarkable bird are preserved in such a manner as to present the means of a minute comparison of their surface with those of recent birds or reptiles; only of their shape and proportions, characters which suffice for the main comparisons. The sparry matter has crystallized on the interior of the bones, and well defines their cavities and internal structure, showing that they received air, as in the bones of birds.

The presence of a long vertebrated tail is the most important difference between *Archæopteryx* and ordinary birds; but there are long-tailed bats and short-tailed bats, likewise rodents and pterodactyles similarly different, the conclusion, therefore, is, that in the Oxfordian age there existed a bird exhibiting that more generalized or embryonal type known now only in the embryo-bird before its exclusion from the egg. The coalescence of the terminal vertebrae which then takes place is a process analogous to that in the fish, which usually passes through the long heterocercal before acquiring the homocercal form. The opinion of Professor Owen was, unequivocally, that *Archæopteryx* was a bird, and that its lipless mouth was adapted to preen those large quill-feathers on the wing, the powerful beating of which in flight was indicated by the shape of the breast-bone.

In the discussion, Mr. Gould ventured the opinion that *Archæopteryx* was a bird, with wings adapted for flight, but probably not equal in power to the birds of stronger powers of flight which now exist.

Numismatic, 20th Nov. W. S. W. Vaux, President.—J. Granville Grenfell, B.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, and British Museum, was elected a member.—The Rev. J. H. Pollexfen exhibited a very rare coin of Cunobeline, and a curious small brass coin of Eugenius, which is also extremely rare. Mr. Evans exhibited several ancient British coins, found during the present year in different parts of the kingdom. Mr. Poole communicated a paper on a new coin of ancient Italy, with the legend ALBA, and suggested that this name was connected with *Portus Alburnus*, at the mouth of the river Silarus in Campania. Mr. Madden read a paper in which he criticised some of the observations made by Mr. Cohen in his recent work "On the Imperial Coins of Rome," stating, at the same time, that the well-known numismatists, Messrs. Pinder and Friedländer, coincided with him in the views he was advocating.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

- GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. "Latest Explorations in Africa."
ROYAL ACADEMY—Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. "Anatomy." By Professor Partridge.
MEDICAL—32a, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. Lettsomian Lecture—"Preserving Individual Health; collective Differences on the Organic Type of Masses, Mortality, and Duration of Life." By Dr. James Bird.
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "On Reptiles." By Professor Owen.
ACTUARIES—12, St. James's-square, at 7 P.M. "On proper Mode of Estimating the Liabilities of Life Insurance Companies." By Robert Tucker, Esq.

TUESDAY.

- CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. "The Hownes Gill Viaduct on the Stockton and Darlington Railway." By Mr. Wm. Cudworth, C.E.
ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M. 1. "Osteology of Gallinaceous Birds." By Mr. W. K. Parker. 2. "Habits of Beaver in Zoological Gardens." By Mr. Bartlett. 3. "On Human Entozoa." By Dr. Cobbold.

WEDNESDAY.

- ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8½ P.M. "On Rhodian Epigraphs." By Mr. Henry Calvert, Vice-Consul at Alexandria.
SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M. "Utilization of Peat with reference to Manufacture of Hydro-Carbon Oils." By B. H. Paul, Ph.D.
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Operation of Heat in Geological Phenomena." By Mr. E. W. Brayley, F.R.S.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—Sackville-street, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On Tumulus at Maes Howe, in the Orkneys." By Mr. Pettigrew. 2. "Runic Inscriptions in Great Chamber of Tumulus at Maes Howe." By Rev. Principal Barclay. 3. "Antiquities from Roman Villa in Somersetshire." By Mr. Moore.

THURSDAY.

- ROYAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Dynamical Problems regarding Elastic Spheroidal Shells, and Spheroids of Incompressible Liquid." By Professor W. Thomson. 2. "On the exact Form of Waves near the Surface of Deep Water." By Professor W. J. M. Rankine. 3. "On the Tides of the Arctic Sea." By Rev. W. S. Haughton.
ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.
PHILOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8 P.M.

FRIDAY.

- LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "On Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field, F.C.S.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

- Adams' (W. H. D.) *Memorable Battles in English History, with Lives of the Commanders.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Selected and Revised for General Use. Fcap., cloth, 6s.
Bengelii Gnomon Novi Testamenti. Editio Tertia. Edited by E. Bengilium and J. Stendel. Royal 8vo., cloth, 12s.
Book (The) of Praise from the best English Hymn Writers. Edited by Roundell Palmer. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.
Borrow's (George) *Wild Wales: its People, Language, and Scenery.* 3 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 30s.
Boys' Country Book (The). Edited by William Howitt. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.
Boys and Girls' Illustrated Gift Book. 4to., cloth, 5s.
Bremer's (Fredrica) *Greece and the Greeks: Narrative of Residence and Travel in Greece.* Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 21s.
Broderip's (Francis H.) *My Grandmother's Budget of Stories and Songs.* Illustrated. Royal 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.
Butler's (Lady Rachel) *The Prophecy.* 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 21s.
Campbell's (Donald) *Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans.* Royal 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
Carleton's (William) *The Double Prophecy; or, Trials of the Heart.* 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 10s.
Charlesworth's (Maria) *Ministering Children.* Cheap edition. Fcap., cloth, limp, 2s. 6d.
Christian's (J.) *Jesus, our Ark.* Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
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Cooper's (J. Fenimore) *Satanstoe; or the Littlepaye Manuscripts.* Cheap edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
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D'Aulnoy's (Countess) *Fairy Tales.* Translated by J. R. Planché. New edition, illustrated. Fcap., cloth, 6s.
Davenport's (Emma) *Fickle Flora, and her Seaside Friends.* Illustrated. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.
Davis' (N.) *Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthaginian Territories.* Illustrated. 8vo., cloth, 16s.
Disraeli's (Benjamin) *Novels.* Cheap edition. Veneti. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
Dumas' (A. the younger) *The Lady of the Pearls.* Fcap., bds., 1s.
English Ballads for School Reading. Edited by Rev. W. Benham. Fcap., cloth, 1s. 8d.
Family (The) at the Lea: a Tale of Home. 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 21s.
Gall's (James) *Nature's Normal School, the True Model for a National Education.* Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Garden Oracle and Economic Year Book for 1863. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
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Geldart's (Mrs.) *First Steps in Life: Tales and Sketches for the Young.* Fcap., cloth, 6s.
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Gray's (Dr. J. E.) *Hand Catalogue of Postage Stamps, for the Use of Collectors.* Fcap., bds., 1s.
Gwynne's (Parry) *A Word to the Wise.* Tenth Thousand. 18mo., 6d. sewed; 1s. cloth.
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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHOSE IS THE WHITWORTH GUN?—An intimation has reached us from the Manchester Ordnance and Rifle Company, that some statements on the subject of our last week's article, which have been postponed "owing to Mr. Whitworth's absence," will be forwarded to us.